The Nation.

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The Week.

Whatever discredit—and it is undeniably great—attaches to the continued playing fast and loose with Cuba, must be, so far, charged up to the Republican party and its leaders in Washington. They have ostentatiously made it their own affair. It is the Republican members only of the Ways and Means Committee who meet to frame the bill which remains so distressingly unframed. The "continuous performance" of a caucus to settle the matter is wholly a Republican show. The Democrats, in fact, stand ready to do more than Cuba asks. They would vote for absolute free trade with the island. It is the Republican party which has, in all this Cuban quandary, got on a conspicuous stage to exhibit to the country a disheartening spectacle of vacillation, divided counsels, and feeble-minded leadership facing both ways. Could the immense talent for blundering which the Democratic party possesses have surpassed this display? We doubt it. Republican jeers used to be addressed, and with much reason, to the distracted Democracy, when it was wrestling with the Wilson tariff or the silver question. "Why don't the two wings of your party flap together?" That was a common taunt. But what are the Republican wings just now, and how are they flapping? How high can a party soar when one of its wings has beets in the place of feathers, and, even so, flaps hopelessly at variance with the other? These are the questions which political observers are beginning to ask, as they see the Republicans marking time at Washington while the country is crying out for action.

Unpleasant stories come from Havana of planters being forced to sell out to American capitalists, and of the agents of the latter boasting that they are "working" Congress so as to delay relief for Cuba and still further depress real estate in the island. It is not necessary to credit all these tales, yet they undoubtedly represent to the Cubans a very sinister side of the American occupation. Bargains in land secured by ruining the owners are not agreeable to think of, and we cannot wonder that the Cubans are angry and suspicious at the unaccountable procrastination of the House Republicans, or that they are almost inclined to despair of anything being done for them at all. But there is no real reason for them to despond utterly. The delay is vexatious, it is disgraceful to the House leaders responsible for it, but it will be ended, sooner or later. The President is firm, the Senate is ready to act. In the end, the reluctant and squabbling Republicans of the House will fall into line, hating to do so as they will. We only trust that deferred hope will not make the Cubans sick at heart, and that the bankers and merchants of Havana will have faith enough in the honesty of the American people to extend credits, and so avert that bankruptcy and misery which the dilatory House is doing its best to bring upon the island.

Express authority is by the Constitution given to each house of Congress to "punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member." Immediately after the controversy of Saturday week two-thirds of the Senators present (if a quorum) might have turned Tillman and McLaurin out of their seats, and the same proportion of the body may do this to-day or at any other time. That would end the service of each under his present commission. But the Constitution says nothing about suspending a Senator—that is, debarring him from service for a longer or shorter period. It is argued that suspension may be considered one form of that punishment for disorderly behavior which can be inflicted, and the contention seems a strong one at first thought; but it soon appears that the other party in issue—the State from which the Senator comes—has rights in the matter, which are denied by suspension. Mr. Bailey of Texas, on Monday, made an argument against the claim that the Senate may suspend its members, which not only demonstrated his ability as a reasoner, but also impressed the majority so strongly that Mr. Frye the next day ordered the names of Tillman and McLaurin restored to the roll, and it is evident that many Republicans now doubt whether the Senate, as a body, can legitimately exercise this power. Mr. Bailey stands upon the provision of the Constitution that "no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." If Tillman and McLaurin are prevented by a majority of their colleagues from acting as Senators, South Carolina is obviously denied its proper share in the action of the upper branch.

But would not the expulsion of one or both also deprive their State of its equal suffrage in the Senate? Only until a successor or successors could be elected by the Legislature, or named by the Governor, if the Legislature were not in session. Moreover, expulsion is expressly authorized by the Constitution, and, therefore, the temporary loss of representation for the State which it may involve cannot be regarded as conflicting with the provision that it shall not be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate. Suspension, however, would prevent representation of the State by the member suspended, while the State would be denied an opportunity to send somebody else in his stead, as in the case of expulsion. The power of suspension, if it exists, is obviously unlimited. The practice of college faculties might be imitated—suspension for a fortnight, in case of a minor offence; for six weeks, if more serious; for the remainder of a long session of Congress, if the misdemeanor were especially flagrant. Meanwhile, the State would lie helpless at the mercy of a mere majority of the Senate—unable to speak or vote through the man of its original choice, and prevented from making a new choice. It is plain that this principle cannot be admitted. It would be very perilous in the quietest of times. In a period when party passion might run high, and when the dominant organization, perhaps with a bare majority by the Vice-President's casting vote, might be tempted to strengthen its forces in order to push through doubtful measures, it would be intolerable that it might suspend one, two, or, for that matter, any number of members, indefinitely "for disorderly behavior." There was nothing left for the Senate to do except what it did on Friday—censure both of the offenders, as the wiser members of the Committee on Privileges and Elections recommended.

For the first time since the construction of our modern naval vessels was undertaken, a table has been published showing the original cost of each vessel and the amount of the repairs upon it. The compilation, which is the work of Paymaster-General Kenny, is interesting, primarily, as showing the exact cost of the finished vessel—not the sum paid to the builder, but the total expenditure necessary to put the ship into commission as an armed and equipped vessel of war. From this it appears that the battle-ship *Oregon* cost the enormous sum of $6,575,032.76, which is half a million more than the price of the *Massachusetts* and *Indiana*, vessels of a similar type and size. But the *Oregon* has cost thus far only $70,000 in repairs, exclusive of those now going on, while the *Indiana* has had $282,000 spent upon her since completion, and the *Massachusetts* $223,000. The cruiser *Philadelphia* cost less than two millions, but the enormous sum of $514,000, or more than 25 per cent. of her original value, has been lavished upon her to make her serviceable, and this in about twelve years. Repairs to the *Olympia*

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now amount to about $500,000, and the *Cincinnati*, a cruiser built by the Government for $2,371,904.52, has charged against it repairs costing $457,000. The little torpedo-boat *Ericsson*, built for $144,142.08, has actually needed $48,749.99, or one-third her cost, to keep her in service. Altogether, $9,346,235.16 has been expended on repairs since 1888, according to Paymaster-General Kenny's tables. When a prominent Senator was recently taken through the wonderful new Library of Congress, he could hardly express his astonishment on learning that it had cost only the price of one battle-ship. Beside the great civilizing and uplifting work the library is doing, the wasting of millions on ships of war is like throwing money into the sea. What humanitarian work could not have been accomplished with the one hundred and ten millions the navy has cost in construction and repairs alone since 1885!

The dignified protest of a group of well-known painters against the tariff on works of art should carry weight with Congress, as it certainly will with the more intelligent portion of the public. These gentlemen recall that this "tariff on civilization" was actually removed without any of the dire consequences which are supposed to attend upon tinkering with the tariff. The tax was once cut in two, and once, in the Wilson Law, actually done away with. It remained for the framers of the Dingley Law to reimpose the tax, and to apply it not only to modern works of art, but also to antiquities, which were formerly exempt. The artists who protest against this ignorant policy show a patience in the matter which we find it difficult to observe. If the tax on works of art is unnecessary for the purpose of raising revenue—and everybody knows that it is unnecessary; if the duty serves no protective purpose—and everybody knows that artists believe it does not; then there was never any reason for passing such a law, or for retaining it upon the statute-book if by any unhappy accident it had been passed. It will be difficult to make a protection-ridden Congress see so obvious a fact, and the painters who plead for a more hospitable attitude towards art see clearly that they have a long campaign of education before them. We believe that the time is opportune for such a movement, and that by skilful organization and agitation it may be possible to secure at least free entry for antiquities.

Collector Ivey of Sitka has been removed from office, but with him goes an Americanism of the elder, robust type. His clarion defiance of Great Britain, with his open refusal to obey the orders of a subservient and cowardly law-abiding Secretary of the Treasury, would have stirred all hearts a few years ago. To-day it passes unnoticed, or else is laughed at. The heroic Ivey had issued an eminently patriotic order closing the port of Unalaska to Canadian sealing vessels. From timid Washington came a telegram directing him to revoke his order. But little did the authorities know Ivey. He promptly replied, "My Americanism will not allow me to rescind the order." As for the British treaty rights which his superior officer had referred to, Ivey punctured that pretence finely by showing that the treaty was, in any case, "ancient," and by maintaining that "the sooner it is abrogated the better"—the readiest road to abrogation being, of course, a refusal to be bound by it. Nor did he let the frightened Secretary off on the score of possible trouble resulting. "You," he wrote scornfully, "may fear the shadow of international complications and rescind this order, but a Reed, an Olney, or a Blaine would not." That has the true ring, and once would have roused the country. In happier days Ivey's splendid defiance of treaties, in the name of Americanism, would have brought him a nomination for some good office within a week. Now he is put out of office, and none so poor to do him reverence. His official head is off, but his Americanism goes marching on.

The testimony given last week by Gen. Hughes, before the Committee on the Philippines, in reference to our hospital for lewd women in Manila, was to the effect that he was solely responsible for it, and that he did not regret his act, for "if the evil had not been checked, fully two regiments would have been disabled." He did not say how many men had been disabled, in spite of these admirable precautions. We do not join with those who consider Gen. Hughes's action censurable. On the contrary, we think that, considered merely as an act of humanity to the miserable women, it was praiseworthy. No doubt some of our soldiers were kept out of the hospital because the women were kept in it. But the affair has a wider aspect. It recalls the somewhat famous Atkinson pamphlet, which the wise men in Washington excluded from the mails to Manila, some two years ago. Among other things deemed important by Mr. Atkinson were sundry tables of statistics drawn from the medical records of the British army in tropical countries, showing the proportion of soldiers under treatment for the very same disease which Gen. Hughes was trying to ward off in Manila, and showing also how impossible it is, by the best sanitary arrangements, to do more than curtail in some small degree its ravages. Treatment, after the disease is contracted, is of great importance and has been increasingly successful, but attempts at prevention have been of only doubtful utility. If Mr. Atkinson's warning had been heeded, there would have been no American soldiers in the Philippines to contract and to convey these loathsome diseases. But what a flood of light Gen. Hughes has thrown upon the desirability of army service in the tropics as a career for young men!

After taking a second, but not a sober, thought on the proposition for a modified system of popular representation in the Connecticut House, the small-town delegates in the Constitutional Convention have rejected it, and the utter failure of this attempt at representative reform is probable. The little towns have nothing to lose by the failure, and, through their command of the Legislature, they can defeat any new attempt at reform through Constitutional methods. That they realize, however, the gathering political storm, is evidenced by their suggestion to make the Senate a larger and a popular body. This inversion of the natural order of legislative construction is offered as a sop to the aggrieved cities, but they are not likely to accept it. The demand for popularity in representation which forced the calling of the Convention, looked solely to a reconstruction of the House. Popularity in the make-up of the Senate was recognized in an amendment to the Constitution adopted last November, and there is no concession, therefore, in the present offer. But even were the cities disposed to exchange half their present membership in the House for a larger Senate, they would justly demand a Senate whose size would balance that of the House, and thus give effect to the popular will in the choice of United States Senators, or in the determination of important legislative questions. To that end a Senate of the size suggested by the rural delegates would be much too small.

Criticism of the Davis bill, which provides for an eligible list of city architects, takes the ground that the list is unduly small, or else that the Fine Arts Federation, whose nomination must in every case precede the Mayor's appointment to the list, is not the proper body to exercise that function. As for the length of the list, the Fine Arts Federation is to present before the 1st of June a list of not less than one hundred names of architects who in their judgment are competent to do work for the city. From this list the Mayor must appoint *at least* fifty architects, and may appoint up to a hundred. If, however, he appoints less than one hundred, he may increase the list by only five a year until the hundred is complete. Beyond one hundred he may appoint freely upon the nomination of the Fine Arts Federation. To recapitulate—the Mayor may fill the list gradually to a hundred or appoint a hun-

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dred architects immediately, and enlarge the list as fast as the Fine Arts Federation sends him names. The Federation consists of eleven art societies, three of which are architectural. Its standing committee on city architects would presumably act more impartially than a committee from any one of the architectural societies. No committee chosen from the profession generally would command higher respect. Finally, the Federation, by the new charter, already nominates members for the Municipal Art Commission, and might very appropriately assume the cognate duty of selecting architects for the city. Any discrimination of this sort is bound to be the occasion of endless heartburnings. But somebody must assume this delicate task, or the way remains open for the Horgans and Slatterys.

Few men in the American financial world will be missed more genuinely, as time goes on, than Frederick D. Tappen, who died last week at Lakewood. It can be said of Mr. Tappen, as of very few other men in the walks of trade, that a grave financial crisis is the hour when the loss will be most strongly felt. Other men have done much more than he to direct the course of American finance in times of prosperous industrial progress and in times of gradual reconstruction after collapse. It is the peculiar fact of Mr. Tappen's history that he was called invariably to the wheel, by the unanimous voice of his colleagues, when the storm was at its worst and the ship showed signs of foundering. In the panic of 1893 Mr. Tappen was not even a member of the Clearing-house Committee, in whose hands control of the New York banking situation rested. Yet, without a dissenting word, he was placed at the head of a new emergency committee which virtually superseded all others. The banking community made no mistake; its assurance came, in fact, from abundant experience. With Wall Street as a whole completely bewildered, confounded, and, disheartened, the protective and remedial powers of practically the entire American banking system, committed really to the hands of this one man, were applied with a promptness, decision, and courage whose results were instantaneous. This occurred not once, but on at least five separate occasions. More remarkable still than this invariable success in mastering the crisis was the quiet and unassuming modesty with which Mr. Tappen, the emergency work once done, stepped back to his every-day duties in Wall Street. The personal notoriety and éclat which have often been made to follow such achievement were as distasteful to him as secret and underground banking practices would have been. The career of such a man means more to his generation, in our judgment, than the most dazzling achievement of mere financial wealth or power. It stands as an example of what is best in American citizenship—complete and unhesitating devotion to the public welfare, without asking other return than the consciousness of duty well done.

President Wheeler of the University of California deals football the wounds of a friend when he says that the game is becoming more and more restricted to the specialist, that it tends to exclude even the average healthy man, and that it, on the whole, encourages "rooting" rather than physical development. It is worth the while of college faculties and graduate committees on athletics to consider these things, with a view to possible reform of the playing rules. When a game becomes so complicated that the mastery of its elements requires long study and training, its general utility immediately decreases. No college, for example, would spend tens of thousands of dollars a year and send excited throngs to encourage its fencing team. And quite aside from the danger of the game, the growing complexity of signals and "formations" makes the game, year by year, more difficult even to follow intelligently, still more to play. We may yet come to the pass where up-to-date colleges will offer compulsory courses in the strategics of football, just as already the students in certain colleges rehearse the college yell before a great game. Every man can pull an oar in some fashion, and every man handle a bat and ball, but an uninitiated man in a football game is out of the question. Here the English Rugby game, with its open play, is far more available than the *Kriegsspiel* which we Americans have evolved therefrom.

Application by Europe of a "commercial Monroe Doctrine" against invasion by American merchandise is the latest suggestion, anent the American peril. We suppose the Hungarian Premier, in making this suggestion on Thursday to his Parliament, was inspired by indignation at America's growing exports to countries which have heretofore been Europe's particular commercial preserves. Introduction of an "American system" of low-price necessaries of life would presumably be pronounced intolerable, under the plan suggested. Europe, if the analogy were pursued, should warn the United States of its purpose to resist, by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, all further expansion of American trade in such directions. But what would happen next? The Hungarian Premier appeared to have some misgiving on that point. Each of the European nations, too, he admitted, is fighting against the commercial interests of the others. What would be the use of a "commercial Monroe Doctrine," applied by Austria, for instance, against the United States, if Germany were straightway to rush into places left vacant by the retreating American manufacturer, and Austria were to be shut out precisely as before? We fear M. de Szell has been led astray by an alluring metaphor.

The truth is, the body of Europe's plaint lies undoubtedly against cheap merchandise in itself, and the interest of the situation is increased by the fact that these indignant statesmen are using against us the very protests employed by ourselves against them, only a decade ago. At present it is not our ox which is being gored; but if the average protectionist oracle had a sense of humor, he could not fail to enjoy the joke, even at his own expense. In the calendar year 1901 our merchants forced unhappy Europe to buy a million dollars more in wearing apparel than it took from us in 1899. Who cannot see beneath these cheap coats the cheap man that a protectionist Administration dreaded in 1888? We do not know that the ethical side of the campaign against American merchandise has yet been fully grasped by the foreign politician. The "British gold" argument, which did glorious service here in its time, has been used, with proper change of garments, by the foreigners, and American gold has been denounced and defied as it no doubt deserved. But the attack on cheapness itself was the more brilliant move of our own protectionists. Europe will find abundant material for the purpose in such standard works as the Home Market Club's occasional publications and the Republican campaign text-books of 1888 and 1892. It need only change the name of the hated adversary, corruptor, and oppressor from England to America.

If Lord Rosebery thought that his repudiation of Irish Home Rule would bring over to his standard the Liberal Unionists, he has already had a rude awakening. They are perfectly willing that he should come to them; they have not the slightest idea of going to him. This was made clear by the Duke of Devonshire's speech on Thursday. The case was forcibly put by the Duke of Leeds, immediately after Lord Rosebery's Liverpool speech in which he "wiped Home Rule off the slate." What did this show? Why, simply that Rosebery had taken sixteen years to discover what the Liberal Unionists perceived at once! "We know," said the Duke of Leeds, "that there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, etc., but surely the ninety-and-nine did not immediately appoint their erring brother to be the one man to guide their destinies."

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FINDING OUT HOW IT IS OURSELVES.

Mr. James Bryce, in the course of a letter to the *Nation* in 1881, made a striking prediction which is now in process of fulfilment as striking. He was writing of Gladstone's policy of moderation towards the Boers, after Majuba, and of the fact that it could be carried out only as a moral obligation; and he said that a "painful lesson" of those South African complications was "the extreme difficulty which any state, and especially a free state, where power changes hands from one party to another, finds in governing distant dependencies." With the prescient forecast of the true philosophic temper, he added: "This lesson may become significant to you *should the policy of annexation be ever resumed by the United States.*" And then he remarked, in the guise of moralist and historian combined: "We are beginning to judge the behavior of the Russians in Turkestan and of the French in Algeria—even, perhaps, the darker misdeeds of the Spanish conquerors of America—more leniently when we perceive from our own experience how hard it is to govern justly colonies of mixed population, even with the help of steam and the telegraph."

The past four years have made this a very sure word of prophecy for the United States. Our old easy condemnation of the blunders of other nations has expired on our lips as we have successively fallen into the same pitfalls. The vices of Spanish colonial policy which we used to hate on sight, we have, when seen too oft, grown unpleasantly familiar with, and have first endured, then pitied, then embraced. To exploit a dependency in the selfish interest of the home country; to ignore the urgent recommendations of our own governors of distant islands, and to shut our ears to the bitter cry of the natives whom we tax without representation—that policy, from being the object of our Fourth of July denunciations, has too nearly become an axiom of government with us. No more curious reversal of a nation's historic judgments was ever seen. To lift horrified cries against Gen. Weyler, only to have our own army officers admit a little later that "he knew his business"; and then to pay Spanish colonial methods the sincere compliment of imitation—truly we are bound, as Mr. Bryce said, to judge "more leniently" the nations which we rashly condemned before we found out how it is ourselves.

It is not necessary to do more than suggest the details. The present argument of the protectionists in Congress, who would squeeze the juice out of Cuba and the Philippines like an orange, and then fling the pulp away, declares its own origin. "Made in Spain," is stamped all over it. It is simply the old idea of the *Conquistadores*, to bleed the colony for the sake of the *metrópoli*. No grandee of Spain ever demanded in Madrid a right to a monopoly of colonial trade with greater insolence or a more hateful disregard of the interests of the colonists than the beet-sugar magnates have shown at Washington in their cool assertion that the sole duty of Congress is to legislate for the advantage of "our own people," and let the Cubans and Filipinos stew in their own fat.

Another graceful tribute to the more excellent way of Spain are we paying in our cynical disregard of the advice of our own colonial Governors. The Spanish Government was not without warnings from its local administrators. From Las Casas to Polavieja, it had men in its dependencies of intelligence enough and humanity enough to urge a policy of commercial justice and of consideration for the native. But selfish interests in the Peninsula usually were able to override all such recommendations. And our selfish interests are working for the same end. Congress passes a tariff bill for the Philippines in calm disregard of Gov. Taft's urgent advice. It stands facing both ways, as respects Cuba, though Gen. Wood is telegraphing that our indifference and delay are working havoc with the interests of the people under his rule. The Cortes of Spain ought to send Speaker Henderson and Chairman Payne a special vote of thanks for their delicate flattery in following its old and vicious example.

The disgraceful hesitation of Congress in coming to the relief of Cuba is all the more unaccountable in view of the fact that our Representatives have in Porto Rico a living object-lesson of what wise and healing legislation can accomplish. Healthy conditions of trade and industry are, after all, the main end of government. Oppressive taxation and strangled commerce are at the bottom of most revolutions; and the surest road to peace and contentment is to give trade a chance to expand freely. This has been done in Porto Rico, and the result is to remove that island from our list of vexed questions. Enabling the inhabitants to stand on their own feet has taken them off our corns. Impartial testimony to the present prosperity of Porto Rico is found in a recent issue of the Paris trade organ, the *Journal des Fabricants de Sucre*. It states that the situation of the island is greatly improved; that the sugar crop will reach 100,000 tons; that more money is in circulation; that new railroads and sugar factories are in course of construction, and that the development of Porto Rico is rapidly going on. And all is due to what? To "the establishment of free trade with the United States."

There stands the pertinent example for our timid and vacillating legislators at Washington. Like disease, like remedy. Do they not remember how the fight for justice towards Porto Rico was won? In that case, too, selfishness and cowardice swayed Congress at first. It took the pressure of an indignant public opinion to force it to the final act, whose happy consequences we now see. Why go through the same weariful process with Cuba? Why be more stupid than the Spanish proverb says no man can be, and break our leg twice over the same stone? In the end, justice will be done. Eventually, as all admit, Cuban products must be given an entry into our market. The danger is that, while the House shivers on the brink, and fears to launch away, we shall poison Cuban public opinion, provoke those labor troubles in the island which Gen. Wood says he is afraid will soon break out, and make our abandonment of Spanish folly, which is bound to come at last, so slow and grudging as to rob it of all its grace and half of its conciliating effect.

ABOLITION OF SUGAR BOUNTIES.

It appears certain that the international sugar conference has agreed to abolish all bounties, direct and indirect, and to reduce the customs surtax to a rate at which the so-called *Cartel*, or Sugar Trust, of Germany cannot exist. The execution of this agreement will be placed under international control, but it will not go into effect till September, 1903. It is reasonably clear that this decision was hastened by intimations from the British Government that, unless the bounties on exportation were abolished, a countervailing duty would be imposed upon the bounty-fed product. Such a duty levied in Great Britain would take the entire profit out of the exports from the Continent.

Hitherto Great Britain has refused to take this step. Her consumers have enjoyed a free breakfast-table at the expense of the Continental taxpayers, and British manufacturers of preserves, jams, marmalade, and confectionery have been able to distance competition by the help of the same generous donors. It is not the custom of the British public to fear Germans when bearing gifts, but the wail of the West Indian colonies has at last touched the heart of the mother country. The sugar-growers of the Lesser Antilles and of British Guiana have suffered from the competition of the bounty-fed product of Europe till they are at the last gasp. They must either adopt some other means of earning a living, or the competition in sugar-growing must be put upon the normal basis. If, as is supposed, Great Britain intimated her purpose to adopt countervailing duties, she did so in pity for her West Indian colonists.

The German Government, too, will be glad to be rid of the bounties, which

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have been a sore burden to the budget, but which could not be thrown off while other countries continued to pay them. If the sugar bounty were a new contrivance in the world, nobody would expect such a thing, any more than a bounty for shoemaking, or tailoring, or plumbing. But it started without design, and grew by slow degrees, until it became too strong for even the Government to control. It began half a century or more ago. The Government imposed a revenue tax on beets of so much per ton, and then quite properly allowed a drawback on that portion of the sugar which was exported to foreign countries. The drawback was computed on a certain rate of yield from a ton of beets, so that, if a manufacturer should buy one thousand tons of beets and export his entire product of sugar, the amount of his tax and of his drawback would be equal. But if, in the course of time, he should learn how to get double the quantity of sugar out of each ton of beets, then his drawback would be double the amount of the tax, and one-half of it would be a bounty on exportation.

It was in exactly this way that the bounty lifted its hydra head in the sugar trade of the world. If there had never been an internal tax on beet roots, or if the Government had advanced the tax in proportion as the yield of sugar increased, there never would have been any bounty on exportation. But the Government did not do so. The sugar-makers either had a "pull" which prevented an increase of the tax *pari passu* with the increasing yield of the beet, or, as is more likely, they persuaded the Government that it would be a great and glorious thing to make Germany the centre of the sugar trade of the world, as they have, in fact, done. The situation in which the sugar trade of Germany now finds itself is that of a hot-house industry, which is about to have its artificial shelter taken away, and to be exposed to the competition which was necessary to its health, and which it ought always to have met.

Statistics of the German sugar trade for 1901 show that the 395 sugar factories of the Empire produced 1,979,118 tons of raw sugar, and the 47 refineries turned out 1,033,446 tons of refined. All this, of course, was made from beets, now grown on about 1,100,000 acres of farm land. The total output was some 200,000 tons greater than in 1900, and the burden of the bounties correspondingly heavier. Yet domestic consumption actually fell off, showing how true it is that, as Professor Sumner has said, the bounty system works so that Germany has the manufacture, but other countries have the sugar. It appears to be the case that the more sugar Germany produces, the less she has to eat. While the total product increased 200,000 tons in 1901, the home consumption diminished by 78,000 tons.

What effect the abolition of bounties will have upon the world's price of sugar it is too soon to say. We observe that Mr. Oxnard jumps at once to the conclusion that the price will be restored to its 1899 level, and that, therefore, it is not necessary to reduce the tariff on Cuban sugar. He is said to have rushed to the White House on Saturday to lay this important truth before the President. But to this there are three things to say: (1) The abolition of bounties will not take place, if at all, till next year, and it is this year that starving Cuba is appealing for relief; (2) in any case, the German surplus overhanging the market is too great to admit of any speedy rise in price; and (3) if the price does go back to that of 1899, it will be just at the figure which led Mr. Oxnard to assert that American beet-sugar manufacturers could make money even if there were free trade with Cuba. We should therefore advise him to say nothing whatever about the abolition of sugar bounties. It will not give to the Cubans that relief for which they look to us alone, and which it is our solemn duty to grant.

THINKING IN HUNDRED MILLIONS.

The jests of a nation are often more significant of its intellectual and moral standards than formal treatises; and in the current witticisms about present-day notions of wealth in America we get a very real and vivid glimpse of what is essentially a new habit of thought. "It's hard on Algy! His father cut him off with only five millions." Poor Richard's Almanac brought down to date would read, "Take care of the millions, and the billions will take care of themselves." We have, in fact, insensibly adopted a new mental arithmetic in all matters of large finance, private or public. We think in nine figures. A hundred millions has become a sort of unit of measurement. Anything below that is a negligible quantity. When you get above it, we say, "Now you're talking!" We take the highest estimates of our fathers—their greatest fortunes, their largest capitals in banking or commerce, their most extravagant governmental expenditures—and sit down quickly to multiply them by 100. Instead of the almighty dollar we have made it the almighty $100,000,000.

Already we have grown so accustomed to the easy tossing about of huge capitalizations that the eye is not caught by a new incorporation unless it glares with a whole row of naughts and dollar-marks. Mere millions no longer attract notice—we hope you don't think we are in the retail business! The Steel Corporation, with its daring leap above $1,000,000,000 capitalization, not only frightened Europe, but permanently affected the American imagination. We have been transported into a large and lavish Asiatic atmosphere. The wealth of Ormus and of Ind is no longer too bright and good for our financial nature's daily food. We revel in the possibilities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, and have come to make Col. Sellers, with his beggarly millions, look like a mere curbstone operator. This new temper makes us credulous, it cannot be denied, and perhaps just a bit gullible. Promoters know that they will never seem so plausible as when they soar above the hundred-million mark. To talk confidently about floating $150,000,000 in new securities seems of itself almost to make the bonds gilt-edged. Such great capital must argue vast profits in sight! That dispatch the other day from North Dakota, quietly recording the chartering of a company with unknown directors and for unnamed purposes, with capital stock to the tune of $900,000,000, one hardly knew whether to take in jest or earnest. We have been so dazzled by big figures that we are astonished at the moderation of incorporators who let a little thing like $100,000,000 keep them from breaking the record.

One curious thing about this craze for immense capitalization is that it is defended and urged in the name of "economy." Thus, Mr. Schwab, on his return from Monte Carlo, grew almost dithyrambic in his praise of great combinations, precisely for the reason that they were so "economical." To a saving and thrifty New Englander of the old school, this would sound very like a contradiction in terms. It would seem like taking the most costly house in town in order to cut down your bills for fuel and servants. "In order to practise the strictest economy," Mr. Schwab appears to say, "let us neglect everything below $100,000,000." We are aware, of course, that he does not mean this, and have no doubt that there is a substantial argument for business consolidations in the economies, both of production and distribution, which they may effect. And we are also perfectly aware of the fact that it is only too possible for such a great combination as Mr. Schwab has in mind to exhaust its economies many times over in extravagant salaries, swollen fees, and especially in watered and wasted capital. But that is not to the present purpose. What we wish to ask is, how these two conceptions of enormous wealth and minute economy are going to be harmonized in the general mind. How does the thing work in private business? How does it affect the conduct of public affairs?

Every one knows what the instinctive feeling would be. Think of a rich man guilty of cheeseparing! Imagine a nation with overflowing coffers saying anything but "Hang the expense!" We know that, as a matter of fact, the consciousness of a plethora does not in-

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duce parsimony. Walter Bagehot long ago laid down the general principle which governs public assemblies in these matters. "If you want to raise a certain cheer in the House of Commons, make a general panegyric on economy; if you want to invite a sure defeat, propose a particular saving." And what we say is, that the habit of thinking in hundred millions necessarily strengthens this native tendency to squander the public money. The careful scrutiny of details, the cruel analysis of a fair round estimate of, say, $10,000,000, into its constituent items, each of which can be cut so as to make the total required only $7,500,000—this sort of economical statesmanship inevitably passes into discredit and out of vogue when the scale of national revenue and of national outlay becomes so vast that to argue for petty saving, here and there, sounds like a Rothschild proposing to scrape up candle-ends for remelting. With such gorgeous Oriental notions of a fairyland of inexhaustible riches, we necessarily lose something of the old stern watch over expenditure and the unrelenting hostility to waste, while we are less and less disposed to provide betimes for the day when

> "—prosperity begins to mellow
> And drop into the rotten mouth of death."

Such being the extravagant tendency of our public finance, we ought to give all the more credit to the few resolute economists, like Gov. Odell and Gov. Crane and Congressman Cannon, who have not fallen victims to the glamour of the hundred-million fallacy. They have as keen an eye as Ricardo was said to have for the "commerce of the imperceptibles." A minute saving per man per day swells into a comforting total by the end of the year, and is as well worthy of being capitalized boastfully as any bubble company of them all. This, and the great truth that profit depends eventually upon the narrowest fraction of advantage over a competitor, are the essentials of that business management which alone, in the long run, is successful, and which, we fear, our recently acquired habit of thinking and talking in hundred millions tends to obscure and degrade in the public mind.

A CITY IN FLUX.

There is something of a parable in the present condition of New York, gashed by the subway trenches, pitted with excavations for new buildings, and littered with the débris of the old. That the parts of the city where business and pleasure are at their fiercest are torn down and rebuilt every few years is a commonplace of comment; but the fact that socially as well the city has refused to settle down has not been so frequently remarked. The sign of an established and durable social order in a city is the presence of clearly defined neighborhoods, where people of common tastes and similar resources find near at hand their natural associates and all those things which chiefly minister to the pleasures of life.

Now it is doubtful if any great number of New Yorkers, except those whom poverty or foreign origin has herded together, are in any such fortunate situation. You will find an Italian, a Chinese, a Hungarian quarter, but where will you find an aristocratic, an artistic, or a university quarter? In this, New York is unlike other great cities. In Paris, learning clings to the neighborhood of the schools, blood to the Faubourg St.-Germain, money to the vicinity of the Arc de l'Étoile, Bohemianism to the Butte of Montmartre, while art is grouped about one or the other of these centres. With us none of these things are as yet settled. The considerable inconveniences of a society in a state of flux need not be dwelt upon. Material disadvantages first present themselves—the time spent in coming and going; one's family physician almost as far away as Sheridan at Winchester; one's clergyman so remote that the pastoral relation is necessarily intermittent, or completely broken; one's favorite recreations miles from his residence, and his office leagues from either—this is the common lot of the well-to-do New Yorker.

All these things are and should be faced with fortitude. Even a home-keeping soul can learn to move, and to see friends move, with equanimity; and a stoical philosopher can persuade himself that the daily elbowings of the throng and daily torsion on a car strap are among "those things which do not concern a man," and hence are indifferent. It is not so easy to accept a condition which, while it renders even the casual contacts of society difficult, restricts even more the possibilities of intimacy. For, after all, a chief pleasure of life is to be so situated that you can get at the people whom you like. It is upon this desire that social neighborhoods are built. The quite forgotten poet, Shenstone, expresses this ideal of a community very entertainingly in one of his letters:

> "Had I a fortune of about eight or ten thousand pounds a year, I would, methinks, make myself a neighborhood. I would first build a village with a church, and people it with inhabitants of some branch of trade that was suitable to the country round. I would then, at proper distances, erect a number of genteel boxes of about a thousand pounds apiece, and amuse myself with giving them all the advantages they could receive from taste. These would I people with a select number of well-chosen friends, assigning to each annually the sum of two hundred pounds for life. The salary would be irrevocable, in order to give them independency. The house, of a more precarious tenure, that, in cases of ingratitude, I might introduce another inhabitant."

This prevision of the numerous suburban "parks" and clubs of to-day was never actually realized. It might conceivably have proved less delightful than Shenstone anticipated; such exclusive settlements often disappoint the ideals of their promoters. But this fancy of Shenstone's represents very faithfully an ideal of social life which is as valid for metropolitan as for rural conditions—an ideal of neighborliness which fares but badly in a city that has as yet found itself only on the side of its business activities. There is an evident incongruity in the fact that a city which supplies more generously than any other of the New World the expensive and difficult means of culture, should fall behind in those simpler conditions of culture—ease of social intercourse, and ready interchange of its best opinions and tastes.

The sense of this lack is expressed in perennial rumors that this, that, or the other woman of ability is about to start a salon. But a salon is never started, it grows; and it grows not wholly by reason of community of ideas, but also because its members are in some kind of frequent association which is an expression of the neighborhood idea; and until we have clearly defined neighborhoods, we do well to withhold our trust from coteries prematurely compelled into being. Heroic measures of a more individual sort have been proposed. "Cultivate your immediate vicinage," some say; "cut off rigorously all social relations which by reason of distance cannot judiciously be maintained." But this course requires more of the Spartan than there is in many of us, and it is fair to say that before a doctrinaire New Yorker of this stamp had gained his circle of friends within his one-mile or two-mile radius, most of those whom he most cherished would be scores of blocks away, with parks, if not rivers, between, and he himself stranded in that splendid isolation which Mr. Chamberlain and others profess to admire, but which no one really finds tolerable.

Readjustment and the formation of neighborhoods are in fact hardly practicable until business shall have worked its will upon this sorely entreated town. *Place aux affaires* is, confessedly or not, the motto of all of us, even of the most gallant. When business has staked out its claims—and this process is nearly finished—in the remaining portions of the city, people of like tastes and pursuits will gradually find each other, and seek the advantages of propinquity. What the final distribution will be it is impossible to predict—though Columbia University is clearly the centre for the academic quarter of the future—and matter of idle curiosity only; for few of us will be here to see the city shaped by a more humane idea than that of business. Meanwhile there is entertainment, if not much comfort, in the spectacle of a city in flux. In all the centuries so good an example has rarely occurred. No civilized society has, we believe, had so drastic a mixing; so that the well-to-

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do classes of New York to-day are a singularly fascinating subject of speculation for the social philosopher. Finally, we are measurably sure at least of that immortality which appertains to transition types, and the cultivated New Zealander who excavates our sites and deciphers our records will, centuries hence, class us reverently with pithecoid man and the four-toed horse.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT IN THE EAST.

OBERLIN, February 24, 1902.

Sufficient attention does not seem to be given to the natural forces at work producing unrest in the Far East, and leading in the near future to an inevitable conflict which will mark one of the great epochs in human history. The forces bringing Russia, China, and Japan into conflict are neither superficial nor temporary, but deep-seated and permanent. They have at their foundation the Malthusian law that population naturally tends to increase faster than the means of sustenance. Of Japan's 146,000 square miles of territory scarcely more than one-tenth is capable of cultivation, the rest being so mountainous that even Japanese skill and industry have been unable to make it productive. The population, therefore, swarms about the margin of the island in numbers that seem almost incredible. Already on the average, if we except the comparatively inhospitable northern island, there are more than 2,000 people for every square mile of arable land in the kingdom. Nor is the population stationary, but the census shows that it is increasing at the rate of more than 500,000 annually. Ten years ago it was 38,000,000; at the present time, excluding the 3,000,000 annexed in Formosa, it is upwards of 43,000,000.

This rapid increase of population is partly the result of the progress of the kingdom in the application of sanitary arrangements and medical skill tending to reduce the death-rate, while the social customs controlling the birth-rate remain unchanged. The effect of science in diminishing contagious diseases and in reducing the death-rate among children is everywhere marked. At the same time the practical abolition of infanticide contributes to the same end. In all the ameliorating conditions every one must rejoice; but when these are coupled with the old-time lack of self-control leading to universal early marriages, a problem is rolling up before which Japanese statesmen are appalled. At the present rate of increase there will, before the middle of this century, be a hundred million people to provide for. It is this prospect which is leading Japanese statesmen to make such frantic efforts to secure opportunity for colonization. Being practically shut off from going to other foreign countries, and Formosa being already largely occupied, Japan would naturally look to Corea and Mantchuria; but of these places Corea would afford only partial relief, both because of its limited area and of its present population. The northern province of Mantchuria, however, is still almost as much in a state of nature as were the prairies of the Mississippi valley when the Indians roamed freely over them.

But, by the operation of equally irresistible natural forces, Russia and China are in the way of Japan's continental expansion. In Mantchuria, the very country which Japan needs, we have the spectacle so noted in mechanics, of an irresistible meeting an immovable object, for Russia's march towards the Pacific Ocean is the slow movement of the same deep-seated forces which are disturbing Japan. The Slavic race is increasing at the rate of nearly 2,000,000 a year. In 1859 the population of the Russian empire was only 74,000,000; in 1900 it was 135,000,000. The opening up of Siberia by the introduction of steam navigation, and later by the construction of the great Siberian Railroad, has drawn population eastward in the Russian empire very much as the same forces have operated to draw it westward in the United States; so that now there are between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 Russians, mostly peasants, in Siberia. Mantchuria is already surrounded upon three sides by these Russian colonists, who are looking upon the fertile fields across the Argun, the Amur, and Usuri, much as our settlers in the West a few years ago looked upon the unoccupied territory of the Dakotas and Oklahoma.

The conditions in Mantchuria are peculiar. The Mantchus proper were not given to agriculture, like the Chinese, but were, and are, largely nomadic. The conquering of China, so far from changing their nature, rather intensified their characteristics, and they have since been subject to the deterioration which naturally takes place in a conquering race. The most enterprising members have been drawn into China to serve as military guards throughout the empire, and their descendants are everywhere partially supported by pensions just sufficient to demoralize them. The "Tartar" portions of the Chinese cities consist of these *unenterprising and semi-dependent people*, who are anything but an addition to the productive forces of the empire. Meanwhile, the Chinese, with their frugal and industrious habits, have been spreading into Mantchuria until the southern half of the territory is already densely populated by agriculturists of Chinese origin.

The main reason why the Chinese have not thus taken quiet possession of the whole of Mantchuria is the unsettled political conditions. From time immemorial, robber bands have had free range throughout Mantchuria, the Chinese Government being too weak to suppress them, so that practically the only security to commerce in Southern Mantchuria has been obtained by the authority of a "robber trust." The robber bands became so numerous that they were driving all commerce from the lines of traffic, and so were killing the goose that laid the golden egg. To such an extent were the robbers overdoing the matter that, in self-defence, the larger bands were organized to protect traffic from the depredations of the smaller bands, and then formed themselves into something analogous to an insurance company. It is a common thing in Mantchuria to see the little flag of what was formerly a mere band of robbers, flying over a loaded team as a badge of the protection which this now respectable organization has graciously extended to the merchants for a stated sum of money. Over the central and northern parts of Mantchuria, however, the beneficent influence of these organizations has not yet extended, so that there has been little inducement to fill it up with a settled farming population. As a result, this population has scarcely passed beyond the watershed of the Lao River, leaving the vast basin of the Sungari (which is comparable with that of the Ohio) pretty largely in the state of nature, and this is the region most coveted by the three nations whose interests now clash along its border.

In the natural progress of events, Russia has a decided advantage over the other contestants. The free navigation of the Amur and Usuri Rivers was something of a step in advance for Russian interests, but the building of the Chinese Eastern Railroad, which, from one end to the other, goes through the very centre of the region, direct from Kaidalova to Vladivostok, and which bisects the southern half from Harbin to Newchwang and Port Arthur, gives Russia a vantage-ground from which she cannot be dislodged by any attacks upon the maritime border. The relation of Russia to this region is not very different from that which fifty years ago it sustained to the region north of the Amur, and, indeed, which the United States sustained at one time to the unoccupied lands upon the border of Mexico. In 1855 Muravieff might well have claimed the Amur valley by right of discovery, so little was the country occupied by a settled population and so little was known about it. If now Russia should retain possession of northern Mantchuria, it would not be to drive a settled population out, but to open it for the first time to the industries of a regularly organized government. But even then it would still be a question whether the country would fill up with Slavs or with Chinamen, for, in a fair competition, or, indeed, with any sort of a chance, the frugal, industrious, hardy Chinese laborer is more than a match for the easy-going, improvident Russian peasant, while the Chinese possess an advantage in their vast numbers and in their proximity which cannot easily be overcome.

Four hundred millions of people already adjusted to a civilization which has endured for centuries, and with social customs which secure an abnormally high birth-rate, present an immovable obstruction to Russian colonization. The Chinese will conquer by their very numbers. It is impossible to dislodge them from the field they already cover, while they are spreading out like a rising tide over all the surrounding region. All along the Mongolian border, beyond the outer Great Wall, Chinese farmers are covering the country with their cultivated fields, substituting in this region oatmeal for rice as the staple staff of life, while around the Russian settlements in the vicinity of the Amur it is they who are depended upon to supply the cities and mining camps with agricultural products.

In China, also, as in Japan, contact with Western civilization and the establishment of Western standards of morality are likely to stimulate the growth of population. In China, as in Japan, marriage at the very earliest possible age is the inevitable result of the whole social organization. The population is kept within the means of subsistence by a high death-rate among the children due to unsanitary conditions, to the universal prevalence of smallpox, and to infanticide, while famine and pestilence every once in a few years sweep off the people by millions. An impressive index of the extent of infanticide I encountered two

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years ago at Shiwantse, the centre of the Catholic missions in Mongolia, the former residence of the celebrated Abbé Huc. Here, in this out-of-the-way place in the country, far away from any city, were 400 Chinese girls in the Catholic mission school, and they were as interesting and attractive a body as could be found anywhere in any country; but we were told by the self-denying Belgian missionaries who had consecrated their lives to the work, that all these girls had as infants been exposed by their parents to death, from which they had been rescued and brought to the interesting state of development in which we saw them.

It requires but little reflection upon the facts here presented to impress one with the exceeding gravity of the problems confronting the statesmen of Russia, China, and Japan in the adjustment of their mutual relations upon the Pacific Coast. I do not know that any one has wisdom enough to say just what is best to be done. But whatever the temporary settlements may be, no permanent solution can take place that does not secure a radical modification of the social customs and the individual aims of the teeming populations of China and Japan now being permeated so rapidly by Western ideas. Western nations themselves can have little direct influence in determining the result. The alliance of England with Japan is of only passing significance.

G. Frederick Wright.

CARDINAL DUBOIS.

Paris, February 15, 1902.

It must be a subject of astonishment to see a Jesuit father, the Rev. P. Billard, put forth, in two octavo volumes, an apologia of the famous Cardinal Dubois, the minister of the Regent of Orleans. The name of Dubois is one that history has not spared, and has treated with the greatest severity. It is quite true that Father Billard does not attempt, in his 'Dubois Cardinal et Premier Ministre (1656-1723),' to rehabilitate Dubois, and to dispel all the accusations which have contrived to make his name synonymous with vice and corruption. He deals chiefly with Dubois as a statesman, a minister, and seeks to prove that, as such, he deserves more consideration than is generally paid him. The memory of Dubois has suffered much down to the present time from the judgment passed on him by Saint-Simon. The illustrious author of the 'Memoirs' hated Dubois with a perfect hatred; he could not forgive him for having risen so high from the lowest estate; he saw in the first minister an upstart, who had obtained, by his base intrigues, credit and influence which, in his opinion, belonged by right only to the princes of the blood and to the dukes and peers of the realm. His judgment was biassed in the case of Dubois as it was in the case of Colbert, in the case of Louvois.

Dubois was born in 1656 at Brive-la-Gaillarde, where his father was, some say, a doctor, others an apothecary. He got his early education at the establishment of the Doctrinaires at Brive, and finished in Paris at the Collège Saint-Michel. He remained in the capital, and made a living by giving lessons. His good fortune would have it that, after ten years spent in this way, he was appointed under-preceptor to the Duke de Chartres, the nephew of Louis XIV. He ingratiated himself with his pupil by his *esprit* and his manners, and, when the preceptor died, was appointed in his place. He secured for himself a permanent position in the Palais Royal.

Dubois used his influence with his pupil to make him consent to marry Mlle. de Blois, the illegitimate daughter of Louis XIV., a marriage which gave so much offence to the Princess Palatine, mother of the Duke d'Orléans. Dubois (who was commonly called the Abbé Dubois, though he was only tonsured and had no real ecclesiastical character) was, in the words of Saint-Simon,

"a thin little man, with a blond perruque, the expression of a ferret, a bright physiognomy, who was, to the full, what in bad French is called a *sacre*, which can hardly be expressed otherwise. All the vices strove in him for preëminence, and made a perpetual hubbub among themselves. Avarice, debauchery, ambition were his gods; perfidy, flattery, servility were his means; he rested in complete impiety and in the opinion that probity and honesty are chimeras — mere rags, which have no reality. To him all instrumentalities were good. He excelled in base intrigues, he lived in them, he could not do without them."

So Saint-Simon continues for pages, with his profuse and picturesque eloquence. He explains with equal eloquence how Dubois made himself master of the Duke of Orleans. "I confess," he says, "with bitterness, for everything must be sacrificed to the truth, the Duke d'Orléans brought into the world a yielding disposition (let us call things by their right names), a weakness, which constantly spoiled all his talents, and which was of marvellous use to his tutor during his whole life."

Having lost all hope on the side of the King, who would not even hear of Dubois being made a Cardinal, the Abbé thought only of flattering his young master. He led him into a life of pleasure, he amused him, he cultivated all his tastes, all his natural defects, his love of ease and of light conversation, his skepticism with regard to men and women alike. There is, in Father Billard's opinion, much exaggeration in Saint-Simon's accusations against Dubois. He does not believe that Dubois systematically corrupted his pupil; it is enough to know that he took no interest in his moral education, and merely thought of gaining personal advantage from his defects.

The political life of Dubois began when the Duke d'Orléans became Regent. The young King was in delicate health, and the Regent's enemies spread many rumors, which found expression in a famous pamphlet in verse, "Les Philippiques," by Lagrange-Chancel. The governor of the young King took the most jealous care of him, as if he himself suspected that the child's life was threatened. The Duke d'Anjou, who had become King of Spain under the name of Philip V., expected daily to hear of the death of Louis XV., and, notwithstanding the solemn renunciations of Utrecht, made little mystery of his intentions, and prepared to claim the throne of France. The rights of the Duke d'Orléans were threatened by these projects, which were constantly fostered by the ambition of his wife, who had absolute power over his mind. Dubois and the Regent looked for alliances against Spain, in view of certain eventualities. The Regent was very intelligent. He had a great leaning towards England. Dubois spent some time in England in 1698, and entered into relations with some of its political men. The Stuarts were the great stumbling-block for any *rapprochement* between France and England, as Louis XIV. had espoused their cause with great magnanimity, and had never abandoned them. The Regent understood that the cause of the Stuarts had become hopeless; he, however, took great precautions before declaring a new policy. He sent Dubois first, incognito, to The Hague, afterwards to Amsterdam; finally Dubois went to England, and there was signed the famous Treaty of Hanover, or the "Triple Alliance," which confirmed the stipulations that deprived Philip V. of all claim on the throne of France, and sanctioned the rights of succession of the House of Orleans. The Regent was obliged to sacrifice the Pretender and to expel him from France, as well as to destroy the works which had been begun for the creation of a port at Mardick, near Dunkirk.

The treaty negotiated by Dubois was exceedingly unpopular in France. An alliance with England, a country viewed as an hereditary enemy, a Protestant country, seemed to be a complete rupture with the traditional policy of France. People forgot all the incidents of the long struggle of France against the ambition of Spain, and did not know what dangers France incurred in consequence of the inordinate and mad ambitions of Philip V.; they did not understand that Dubois was acting the part of a real statesman, and contented themselves with saying that he had been bought by the English Government. When the character of the Spanish policy became more inimical to France and more provoking, Dubois returned to England; this time he made the journey quite officially, and negotiated the treaty of the Quadruple Alliance, between France, Holland, England, and Austria. From this time he became the real inspirer of the French policy. The post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was reëstablished for him. His ties with England were such that he thanked the King of England for his promotion, writing these lines, which were significant enough: "If I followed only the impulse of my gratitude, and was not kept back by respect, I should take the liberty to write to his Britannic Majesty to thank him for the place with which Monseigneur the Regent has gratified me."

Madame, on the day when her son became Regent, asked him never to employ "ce coquin de Dubois"; and it was not till Dubois was sixty years old that he became Under-Secretary of State. He had become the master of his master. It cannot be denied that he was intelligent. "All the work of his diplomacy," says Michelet, "the purpose of his treaties of the Triple and Quadruple Alliances, was to exclude the candidates of Rome—the Pretender and the Spaniard—from the thrones of France and of England; it was to affirm or to found the Protestant dynasty and the *libertine* dynasty—the House of Hanover, the House of Orléans." He meant, however, to become a Cardinal like Mazarin; so he first asked for the Archbishopric of Cambrai, which the Regent did not dare to refuse him. Cardinal Noailles, Archbishop of Paris, was bold enough to refuse Dubois permission to receive holy orders in his

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diocese. Dubois found a more willing instrument in the Archbishop of Rouen, and was ordained at Pontoise. The ceremony of the enthronization took place with great pomp at the Church of the Val-de-Grâce, in the presence of the Regent and of all the courts. One of the priests present at the ceremony was the famous preacher Massillon, who ranks, with Bossuet and Bourdaloue, among the greatest preachers of the Catholic Church. Saint-Simon tells us that "Massillon, driven to the wall, without help, felt the indignity of what was proposed to him, stammered, did not dare to refuse. But what could a man so unimportant, after the fashion of the age, have done against the Regent, his Minister, and the Cardinal de Rohan? . . . The most reasonable, who were in great numbers, contented themselves with pitying him, and it was agreed rather generally that it was in a way impossible for him to avoid the task and to refuse."

As soon as he found himself a Bishop, Dubois began to work for a Cardinal's hat. It would not be very interesting to follow him in all his intrigues. He made all sorts of promises to the Court of Rome, which he did not intend to keep. Clement XI. made him wait some time, but he was among the first cardinals created by Innocent XIII. He could now walk in the footsteps of Richelieu and Mazarin. He was declared Prime Minister in August, 1722, and, when Louis XV. attained his majority, confirmed as such. It is hardly necessary to say that he was elected a member of the French Academy. He did not enjoy all his honors, and died after great suffering on the 10th of August, 1723.

Correspondence.

THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your article, "The Preventable War with Spain," in the *Nation* of February 20, does the world a service. It should be read and pondered by every American citizen.

I confidently predict that, in the near future, thinking men will agree to call the butchery in the Philippines the greatest crime in history down to this time. But it began with the attack on Spain. The Anti-Imperialists began too late; they let the fire become a conflagration before they made a move to put on water. They should have got in their work in the early months of 1898. If the attack on Spain was not wrong, nothing was ever wrong; the moral law does not exist—let the grabbers grab, and the killers kill.

Nor did it need the concessions offered by Spain to make it unjustifiable. No attempt was ever made, and for a very good reason, to justify the proposed homicide by arguments addressed to the reason and conscience of mankind. The attempt to cure wrong by doing wrong, to punish murder by unlawfully killing men, can never be justified.

The "strange anomaly" to which you allude on page 141 is this, as I understand it: that, in the nation's direst need, a *man* was wanting in the Presidential office; that the logical leader of the forces willing to work for peace and civilization proved to be acephalous and invertebrate. As a contribution to the explanation of this tremendous phenomenon I offer the following: The fatal defect in Mr. McKinley's intellectual and moral make-up was the almost total lack of the love of truth. His whole career illustrates this. He was a protectionist because he cared nothing for truth. He was a silverling as long as silver was popular; when doubts arose, he became a straddle-bug; when the party leaders assured him that only yellow wings would carry him to the White House, he promptly became a gold bug. "He who finds what he wants or makes what he wants is a god," it has been said. What Mr. McKinley wanted, first, last, and all the time, was votes; and he got them, and they filled and satisfied his soul.

But lack of the love of truth involves, it would seem, incapacity to distinguish between truth and falsehood, and therefore between right and wrong. If I am correct, then Mr. McKinley chose the wrong in a tremendous crisis, not wilfully, but blindly, and became the chief architect of the moral ruin that has fallen upon the world, not because he deliberately aspired to that bad eminence, but because he never thought, and was unable to think, of anything but votes and how to get them.

It is holy Scripture that "God is not the author of confusion, but of peace"; but President McKinley, professing all the time to desire peace, flung away without knowing it the grandest opportunity ever offered to a man, and became the author, not of peace, but of confusion.

A. F. Hamilton.

SHARPLESS'S QUAKER EXPERIMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your notice of our new popular edition of President Sharpless's work, 'A Quaker Experiment in Government,' in your issue of February 27, is such a keen demonstration that reviewing is more than an empty form in your office, that we could almost find heart to join in the laugh on ourselves, and then subside. But your reviewer has amplified his discovery that we had used an old index into what is almost a charge of fraud. He says the redundant lines in the index "betray an extensive abridgment not acknowledged on the title-page." The facts are these: There has been no abridgment of the original work whatever; the one-volume edition is an exact reprint (barring a few corrections) of the two original volumes issued in 1899 and 1900. But about a year ago we amplified the original work into the Haverford Edition, a somewhat expensive subscription work, in which were added a preface and a concluding chapter, extraneous to the proper scope of the history, but of special interest to members of the Society of Friends (to whom, almost exclusively, this edition was sold). This is the matter that was omitted in the popular edition. The said edition was advertised repeatedly in your columns, and each time it was plainly stated that the special matter of the Haverford edition was *not* included. A "reviewer's inspiration" slip inserted in the review copy sent to you conveyed the same information. We submit, therefore, that we had made no pretence that the present edition was a reprint of the Haverford edition, and we do assert positively that it is a full reprint of the original edition. Under the circumstances the imputation of fraud is hardly borne out.—Yours very truly,

Ferris & Leach.

Philadelphia, February 28, 1902.

[Our words were not intended to charge fraud, but simply to state a fact, conditioned upon the index being that of the work which we originally reviewed, but which we no longer had at hand for comparison.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

In addition to many works of fiction by well-known writers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s spring list includes 'New France and New England,' by John Fiske, the last link in the chain of his historical series down to the adoption of the Constitution; 'Lee at Appomattox, and Other Papers,' by Charles Francis Adams; 'Charles Eliot,' a biography of this lamented landscape architect, with some exemplification of his art; 'The Life of John Ruskin,' by W. G. Collingwood; 'Daniel Webster,' by Samuel W. McCall; 'The Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic,' by Henry Austin Clapp; 'An American at Oxford,' by John Corbin; 'Molière,' by Leon H. Vincent; 'Nature and Human Nature,' by Ellen Russell Emerson; a revised edition of Professor Norton's prose translation of the Divine Comedy; a metrical translation of the first six books of Virgil's Æneid, by Harlan H. Ballard; 'The Argive Heræum,' edited by Dr. Charles Waldstein; 'Social Salvation,' by Washington Gladden; 'The Physiological Aspects of the Liquor Problem,' edited by Dr. J. S. Billings; 'A Guide to the Literature of American History,' by J. N. Learned; and the two concluding volumes (xii., xiv.) of Prof. C. S. Sargent's 'Silva of North America.'

Spring announcements of Henry Holt & Co. embrace Seignobos's 'Narrative and Critical History of the Roman People'; Prof. Auguste Fournier's 'Napoleon I.'; the second volume of Prof. J. P. Gordy's 'Political History of the United States'; Tarde's 'The Laws of Imitation,' translated by Mrs. Herbert Parsons, Ph.D.; 'Outlines of Ethics,' by Profs. John Dewey and J. M. Tufts; 'A Manual of Logic,' by Prof. Herbert A. Aikins; a volume of 'Standard English Prose,' by Henry S. Pancoast; 'Public Exposition and Argumentation,' by Prof. George P. Baker; 'Variations in Animals and Plants,' by Dr. H. M. Vernon; and, last but not least, if a real need is supplied, 'An Italian and English Dictionary,' by Prof. Hjalmar Erdgren, Dr. G. Bico, and J. L. Gerig.

A volume of short stories, 'In the Gates of Israel,' by Herman Bernstein, is in the press of J. F. Taylor & Co.

'Nestlings of Forest and Marsh,' by Irene Grosvenor Wheelock; 'Alabama Sketches,' by Dr. Samuel Minturn Peck; and Mary Cowden Clarke's correspondence with Robert Balmanno, 'Letters to an Enthusiast,' will soon be published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

A popular volume, with illustrations, 'Practical Talks by an Astronomer,' by Prof. Harold Jacoby of Columbia, is in the press of Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Government Printing-Office in Paris

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is engaged in the production of a work that will be a masterpiece of the printer's art, namely, 'L'Histoire de l'Imprimerie en France,' intended as a present to the Emperor of Russia. Copies are to be sent also to the King of Portugal and to the King of Belgium, both of whom have for years been in close relations with the Imprimerie Nationale. The first two volumes treat of the Paris publications of the fifteenth century, while the third, now in preparation, takes up those of Lyons for the same period; the fourth recurs to Paris in the sixteenth century, and the fifth and last of the series will cover the publications in the provinces during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

A further addition to the series "Our European Neighbors" (Putnams) is most welcome. In a volume of about two hundred and seventy pages, Mr. Alfred T. Story has collected his ample knowledge of 'Swiss Life in Town and Country.' The little republic is, in his eyes, not the playground of Europe, but one of the chosen homes of toil, thrift, and general earnestness of purpose. We do not know a single compact book on the same subject in which Swiss character in all its variety finds so sympathetic and yet thorough treatment; the reason of this being that the author has enjoyed privileges of unusual intimacy with all classes, which prevented his lumping the people as a whole without distinction of racial and cantonal feeling. He has perceived, for example, that, in French Switzerland alone, Genevese and Vaudois (not to mention their neighbors) are distinct types, though really of the same race, speech, and faith. In the chapter on public education, at least one paragraph should have given full credit to Swiss teachers not only for their intensity of application, but for the unusually high average of intellectual equipment in their professional training. The Swiss peasant, often slower of speech than the Frenchman, is nevertheless capable of writing a letter which testifies to the quality of methodically accurate teaching in the primary school.

From the press of Ch. Dunod, Paris, we have 'L'Achèvement du Canal de Panama,' by the engineer, C. Sonderbegger. It is a work which should be of great practical importance to our Government, if, as now seems probable, it decides to acquire the Panama property; for the author, out of an experience of eight years in actual work on the Panama route, describes and discusses in great detail the main problems which confront any contractor there—such as the climate and hygiene, rainfall, the most desirable class of laborers, and the whole question of methods of work, with all the workshops and machinery involved. M. Sonderbegger's final summing up is strongly favorable to the feasibility of the revised engineering plans.

The vexed question, worthy of an international commission, of "Transliteration from the Russian," was discussed in the *New Englander* last May by Mr. J. S. Sumner of Yale. It is largely a critique of the American Library Association's scheme. For the convenience of those interested, Mr. Sumner has had the article reprinted by itself, and it may be had for ten cents on application to the Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor Press, New Haven. Well would it be if Russia were to enter the confraternity of Western nations by adopting the Roman alphabet. Her chosen system would then perforce be ours.

The newly published Proceedings of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin catalogues in detail the art collection presented by Dr. and Mrs. Charles Kendall Adams, and records the creation of the Mary M. Adams Art Fund through the sale of Mrs. Adams's personal jewels (amounting to $3,850). It appears that the limitations in space of the fine new Library building are already beginning to be felt, and that the completion of the north wing will put off the evil day hardly more than a quarter of a century. The volume closes with brief papers on the foreign population of Wisconsin, and a chapter on Wisconsin's contributions to American inventions—most notable being C. Latham Sholes's typewriter, parent of the Remington.

The account by Major P. M. Sykes of his work in Eastern Persia, which forms the principal article in the *Geographical Journal* for February, is a remarkable illustration of what an intelligent and zealous consul can accomplish. His definite mission was to assist and protect commerce in the wild region in which he was stationed, and in the discharge of it he travelled ten thousand miles in eight years, acquainting himself with the people and their industries. In one district, for instance, he exerted his influence to induce the weavers, who were using aniline dyes with deplorable results, to return to the old vegetable dyes, to which the lovely colors of their carpets are due. He secured the punishment of robbers and murderers, established post-routes, and succeeded in opening a caravan trade with India—"the first person," said Sir H. Howorth, "who, since the time of the followers of Alexander, has united India and Persia by trade and commerce." In addition to this work, with the aid of an Indian topographer he surveyed the unexplored regions through which he passed, examined ruins, traced the route of Alexander. In this account of his fourth journey he gives the most interesting historical facts connected with the places visited. The general impression left is of a country sinking into barbarism, the decay being hastened by opium-smoking, which has "every likelihood of ruining the whole nation, for the vice spreads by leaps and bounds." Yet everywhere are the signs of former prosperity and a teeming population. Among the illustrations is a striking picture of a high brick tower, the last of a series built 300 paces apart across a desert to guide the caravans and travellers. In a notice of the Waldseemüller map of 1507 on which is the name America, some account is given of a map discovered by Henry N. Stevens and sold to an American library, "one of the richest in cornerstones of American history," which may prove to be an earlier draught of the map just discovered in Wirtemberg.

The Consular Reports for February opens with a strong plea for the establishment of a direct steamship service to Africa. The United States has scarcely 5 per cent. of the great import trade of the West Coast, and even this is endangered. "I see scores of European steamers coming and going," writes our Consul at Goree, "loading and discharging almost every week; but, during a residence of more than twenty years in the country, I have never yet seen an American merchant steamer in African waters." In last-century slave-trade days, Americans from Rhode Island were familiar sights at Goree. It is rather singular to turn to a report on the commercial conditions of Swatow, the port of one of the richest provinces of China, whose trade is increasing to such an extent that the Germans purpose doubling the number of their ships calling at it, and read: "One of the old men, who remembered the time when fourteen or sixteen sail of our ships was no uncommon sight in this port, asked why the 'Flowery Starry Flag' was never seen now." Minister Choate gives the result of an investigation into the complaint that certain American goods suffer detriment from the London dock charges. He does not undertake to form a judicial opinion as to the merits of the question involved, but simply sets forth the facts and the claims of the respective parties. There is an interesting account of the linen industry in Bohemia, in which attention is directed to the great decline in the cultivation of flax in all Europe outside of Russia. A significant fact is reported by the Consul at Sierra Leone, who states that the superintendent of Mohammedan education for British West Africa had requested from "American publishers catalogues and specimen pages of common-school text-books in the English language for his examination, with a view to their introduction and use in the schools under his supervision, if satisfactory."

Monatsberichte über Kunstwissenschaft (Munich) contains illustrated articles, running through the January and February numbers, on "Dante's Portrait" in the pictorial art of his time, by Dr. Ingo Krauss, and on "Japanese Humor," by Günther Koch. The January number also contains an excellent reproduction of Auguste B. Glaize's interesting lithograph, "The Pillory," with seventeen figures of famous men and women persecuted by their contemporaries for their services to mankind, and two groups representing "Hypocrisy and Violence" and "Ignorance and Misery." In the accompanying text Dr. Stettner breaks a lance for lithographic art as a means of transmitting artists' works to posterity "in their own handwriting."

The German Orientgesellschaft is evidently doing thorough work in its excavations on the site of ancient Babylon. In the ninth issue of its *Mittheilungen*, the leader of the expedition, Dr. Koldewey, reports, among other things, the finding of some four hundred inscribed tablets in the Black Hill, in the centre of the field. Only two have been deciphered, and these valuable. One is a word-list, giving columns of Sumeric equivalents of the Babylonian cuneiform on the left, and of Semitic on the right. The other is a famous litany used in the processional services of Marduk. Dr. Koldewey states that the externals of the city, its streets, its temples, the public parks and places, walls, etc., as also the social, intellectual, and religious life of the inhabitants have now been fairly revealed to the investigator.

Dr. Schubart, of the Egyptian section of the Royal Museum in Berlin, has discovered in papyri recently added to its collection several entirely unknown poems from the

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fifth book of Sappho. The *Reichsanzeiger* states that the manuscript dates from the sixth or seventh century, and is not in good shape. The discoverer has been able, however, to decipher two of these poems, one of which describes the poetess of Mytilene comforting a departing pupil, and another is addressed to a former pupil, who had removed to Lydia. The poems show new metrical combinations.

An important contribution to the solution of the South African problem is to be found in the report of Mr. Willcocks, the original designer of the great Nile reservoir at Assuan. In a preliminary reference to the stationary condition of the country, apart from the development of its mineral wealth, he makes the striking statement that "half a century ago it needed a farm of 5,000 acres to keep a family in decent comfort; to-day it needs the same farm of 5,000 acres to keep a single family in comfort." This condition he ascribes to the fact that to a temperate climate is joined a tropical rainfall. "When rain is wanted it is generally not there; when it is not wanted it is invariably present." A system of storage reservoirs and irrigation canals is accordingly essential for the permanent prosperity of the country. He advocates the proclaiming all rivers and torrents to be public property, and the undertaking of all important irrigation by the state alone. The suggestion is further made that the mining companies should be required to devote a part of their profits to such works. His personal observations lead him to the conclusion that three millions of acres can be perennially irrigated, and, on ten millions more, crops depending on rainfall can be raised by intelligent cultivation, thus adding one thousand million dollars to the country's wealth. The development of agriculture will solve the poor-white problem, which promises to become more acute than ever when the war is over, for "there is one kind of manual labor which the poor white considers becoming, and that is agricultural labor."

In the forbidden land of Tibet, the city of Lassa (the Mecca of Northern Buddhism) has long lured adventurous travellers. The recent attempt of Walter Savage Landor to penetrate its mysteries, and the cruelties and tortures to which he was made to submit, are quite fresh in memory. Since the visit of the French missionaries Gabet and Huc in 1846, the Swedish traveller Sven Hedin, during the years 1900-'01, in the disguise of a pilgrim, sought to enter the city, but was turned back when within a few miles of Lassa. He had good treatment, and met with no opposition in the coming or going with the caravans of pilgrims, but early last month came tidings that he had fallen into the hands of fanatical natives and been murdered, whereas from Cashmere, alive and well, he has sent a long telegram to King Oscar, telling of his adventures, and received a congratulatory reply from his Majesty. The India pundit Chandra Das in 1881-'82 remained some months in Lassa, taking photographs of the palace of the Dalai Lama and of the oval-shaped city itself. The photographs, now in the possession of the Royal Geographical Society of London, and recently published, show the imposing character of the Grand Lama's residence and of the palace in the centre of the city in which official functions are fulfilled. The wide streets, houses built in the form of a hollow square, several stories high, and whitewashed, as well as edifices constructed largely of sheep- and ox-bones laid in cement, confirm the descriptions of previous writers, and will but whet the appetite of explorers who thirst to conquer the unknown.

The Danish Minister of Transportation Hörup died at Copenhagen on February 15, in his sixty-first year. After studying law and acting as a tutor he entered journalism, and in 1876 was elected to the Folkething, where he soon won recognition as a brilliant speaker, succeeding Berg as leader of the Radical branch of the party of the Left. In 1878 he made the declaration, which sums up the views of the Danish Radicals: "The Folkething is the highest authority; there is no one above it, or by the side of it." Hörup was twice an Auditor of Public Accounts, and from 1883-'88 was Second Vice-President of the Folkething. In 1884, together with Edvard Brandes, he established *Politiken*, which became, almost from the start, the most influential Radical paper published in Denmark. *Politiken* is no less distinguished for the brilliancy of its literary columns than for the fierceness of its attacks upon the Conservative party. Indeed, few daily papers in Europe can boast of so remarkable a collection of special contributors. In the summer of 1901, after having been for a quarter of a century identified with the Opposition, Hörup became a member of the first Liberal Ministry, but was prevented by the illness that has now ended his life from performing the duties of his position.

Dubious enterprises based on human vanity and credulity are constantly brought to our attention in the domain of bookmaking. To expose them by name is to advertise them; to keep up with the number of them is difficult. The latest type is one of the literary "Libraries," conceived in a Western city, with a "Bureau" which "has elected that from five to fifty pages of your literary productions be preserved in permanent form" in said Library, and begs you "to submit such material as you may desire, which will be passed upon by the editors, and you will be duly notified of its acceptance." The dear public, seeing the *selection*, is naturally made to believe in the reality of the *election*. In the circulars before us, there is no reference to any expectation of pay in cash or by subscription to the trumpery work. First catch your hare.

—H. W. Hoare gives in the March *Harper's* a detailed account of the "Lineage of the English Bible," from the efforts of the venerable monk of Jarrow, through the various intervening partial or complete translations, down to the King's Bible of 1611. Joseph Fitzgerald contributes a paper on "Anarchism in Language," with which one is tempted to stop for a friendly quarrel, notwithstanding a bias in favor of its general tendency. The examples of English speech which he holds up for reprobation are in most cases justly subject to question, but it is equally true that in most cases they are clearly marked illustrations of fundamental processes of linguistic growth—the very processes to which are due a multitude of meanings and constructions employed without question by the most careful and accomplished speakers and writers who have ever used the English tongue. Language will doubtless continue to grow along the lines which it has followed in the past. Conscious effort may contribute to its clearness and euphony, but cannot impose upon it the straitjacket of a logico-etymological consistency. Prof. Henry F. Osborn gives a sketch of the marine-laboratory movement inaugurated by Vogt, Agassiz, Huxley, and others, which has contributed so much to the science of biology through its discoveries in the lower forms of life. The Easy Chair, apropos of Professor Lounsbury's volume on 'Shakspere as a Literary Artist,' considers at some length the present position of poetry, and invites the confidence of readers as to whether they really enjoy it, promising not to divulge names, and assuring the timid who at heart hate it, that there never was a safer time to say so than the present.

—Dr. Gilman's reminiscences, to which many readers of *Scribner's* have been looking forward with special interest, naturally begin with the opening of the university to which he has given the choice quarter-century of his life with such excellent results. In reading the details of his efforts to secure his original corps of teachers, and in recollection of his eminent success, as attested by the history of Johns Hopkins University, one realizes just why it is that he was the natural choice for the headship of the new Carnegie foundation, in which the fruition of the donor's intentions hangs so largely upon the selection of the right men as recipients of its assistance. Twenty-five years is not long, and yet it seems like a tale out of a remote past to be told of the commotion aroused by the invitation to Professor Huxley to deliver a lecture on occasion of the opening of the University. The lecture was seriously marred, it appears, by the determination of the newspapers to make a sensation out of it. Huxley was forced by the imperious reporters to the alternative of furnishing a copy in advance, or running the risk of serious misrepresentation in reports taken as the lecture was delivered. He accordingly dictated his intended remarks to a stenographer the day before, and was provided with a copy on thin translucent paper, with white sheets between to make it legible. These he thoughtlessly removed, to lessen the bulk, and consequently found himself unable, when before his audience, to read a word of what was written. The embarrassment of being thrown back upon his memory and general knowledge of his subject, after giving the speech to the press in a definite form, may easily be imagined. Mr. Vanderlip's second paper on our "commercial invasion" of Europe deals chiefly with England, showing an enormous increase in our ability to compete with the mother country, first in markets equally remote from both, and then even in England itself. England's relative loss of late years he attributes largely to the perverted development of a trades-unionism actuated by the fallacy that there is a given amount of work to be done, and that the laborer's profit out of it may be enhanced by decreasing his individual output in a given unit of time. The only point of advantage which Mr. Vanderlip feels sure that America can permanently retain, is her superior endowment in natural resources.

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—No reader of the *Century* should pass over the account of the late Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, contributed to the March number by the Rev. H. P. Nichols. A frontier bishopric would not naturally be regarded as the best stage from which to secure the attention of the civilized world, and had Mr. Whipple been seeking the distinction which came to him, he would doubtless have striven for a different locality. In the Northwest, however, he found the stimulus of a great cause—the downtrodden Indian—and responded to the call with a degree of vigor and consecrated common sense that accomplished large results. He believed in the inherent worth of the Indian, treated him with absolute sincerity, and had the rare gift of ability to put himself in the Indian's place. It should be needless to say that it is no credit to our Government that he was never drafted into service as conspicuously the fittest man in the whole country to take official charge of Indian affairs. The imminent admission of New Mexico as a State of the Union gives an added interest to Albert E. Hyde's account of "The Old Régime in the Southwest," when a Colt's 45-calibre was circulating-medium in New Mexico, good for its cost as a stake in any game or over the bar. The career of "Billy the Kid," shot down by an officer at the age of twenty-one, and yet credited with twenty-one murders committed by his own hand, furnished a fitting climax to the lawlessness which had reigned in the Territory down to the early eighties, and by its very violence started a reaction which has made New Mexico a fairly safe place for any man who knows how to conduct himself. Two papers of scientific interest deal with Marconi's achievements in wireless telegraphy and the much (but unintelligently) discussed researches of Professors Loeb and Mathews, on the "Nature of the Nerve Impulse." The results of these researches, probable and possible, are too technical for any valuable recapitulation here. They are set forth by Professor Mathews with due modesty in the main, but one is somewhat staggered by a prima-facie promise of eternal physical life, in the statement that "there is apparently no inherent reason why a man should die, except our ignorance of the conditions governing the reaction going on in his protoplasm."

—For a second time, *Mélusine*, that learned "repository of mythology, popular literature, traditions, and usages," founded in 1877 by Henri Gaidoz and E. Rolland, has been obliged to suspend publication, "pour une période indéterminée." So we read with sincere regret on the cover of the December number, concluding the tenth volume. Folk-lore in the widest sense was certainly never edited in more scholarly or *spirituel* fashion than by M. Gaidoz, who stays his pen now not because of exhaustion of material or his own delightful gift of treatment, but, we may be sure, in consequence of a too limited and precarious support. He has at least the satisfaction of having amassed in the files of *Mélusine* a treasure available for all time to the curious. The closing number well exemplifies the range of this periodical. It opens with a discussion of a Breton custom of giving satirical puppets, supported on a crotch, to the victim of an engagement broken in favor of another lover. The illustration shows a handkerchief in the man's hand, symbolical of tears; and, in analogous customs noted, onions are employed with the same significance, hung upon a bouquet of willow. M. Camélat continues his animal fables from the valley of the Lavedan (Hautes-Pyrénées); one, in contrast with the fable of the fox and the crow, telling of the cock's escape from the fox's jaws by the happy device, as the bell announced high mass, of saying, "Let us pray; they are elevating the host." "Yes," said the witless fox, "let us pray God," and lost his hold in the act. M. Gaidoz chases the rainbow (we remember he began the pursuit in 1884 in the first number of the revived *Mélusine*) to the 43d chapter, and gives his 25th illustration of popular etymology and folk-lore, and his 10th of "Little Red Riding-hood," with a parting word on the nomenclature of the Devil, this time in English. Breton proverbs and sayings and the lark's song are other rubrics, and finally we read the last of the invaluable critical reviews bearing the authoritative initials, H. G. *Encore une étoile qui file.*

—Mr. M. Morison's 'Time-Table of Modern History' (Macmillan) is a series of synoptic charts which embraces the years 400-1870. In some respects the work resembles Professor Nichol's 'Tables,' but its scope is on the whole less comprehensive. Literature and art are left out in order to provide more space for politics and war. There is a further difference, which is equally noticeable. While Professor Nichol uses almost every line, Mr. Morison does not fill up anything like the whole of his space. For example, at the outset Scotland is allotted one-third of a large page, receiving equal prominence with the Eastern Empire and the Western Empire. However, as the annals of the Picts and Scots are somewhat meagre until the ninth century, the Scottish column remains almost void for eighteen pages. It is likewise with the entries under India, when a column comes to be assigned to that country. For page after page the history of India is apparently a complete blank. In such a work economy of space is a prime consideration, and we cannot altogether praise an arrangement which leaves vacant so large a part of so many columns. Where the historical records are defective or the events too trivial for notice, it is surely not the part of good judgment to lavish space upon the countries in question. They may be kept in the background until they have become important.

—The difficulties of preparing a date-book on parallel columns are obvious. Accordingly, we shall not dwell alone upon what may be termed the shortcomings of Mr. Morison's scheme. He certainly brings together a great many historical facts in such wise as to show their chronological relations. His pages are large, and towards the close of the work he divides each into seven columns, representing seven countries, with columns devoted to seven other countries facing them on the opposite page. This compilation will have its use, but, quite apart from one's conception of how a comparative synopsis should proceed, its merit would be enhanced had more pains been taken to render it accurate. While we cannot pretend that we have read the whole work, the part which we have read discloses an unnecessarily large number of slips. *E. g.*, p. 7, Albion, three times instead of Alboin, and the Empress Theodore for Theodora; p. 12, Eudo for Eudes; p. 13, Omayyad in one column and Ommeyad in another; p. 19, "Nicholas I. publishes the False Decretals, including the Donatim of Constantine" (apart from the misprint, the statement would not be altogether easy to prove); p. 20, under France and the year 910, "Foundation of the Abbey of Cluny"; p. 22, under Germany and 960, "Foundation of the Abbey of Clugny"; p. 24, Otto I. is crowned by the Pope and deposes the Pope (what Pope?); p. 26, the degree of the millennial excitement is exaggerated, and, p. 28, there is a misstatement regarding the day of the week on which the Truce of God began. We need not accumulate examples. The book is by no means impeccable. At the same time its weaknesses are largely those which are incidental to compilations of its class, and we can see no reason why it should not be of considerable value as a work of reference.

PASTEUR.

The Life of Pasteur. By René Vallery-Radot. Translated by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902. Two volumes. 8vo, pp. 301, 304.

Pasteur was heartily a Frenchman, but not after the fashionable light-hearted pattern. A heart more completely unsullied by all there is in its world to sully it—egotism, chiefly, in *his* world—is not to be found in what land or age you will. It happened that his discoveries shone brilliant to those who regarded them from the side of utility—to wit, his improvements of wine and beer, his cures of the silk-worm trouble, the chicken cholera, the swine fever, anthrax, diphtheria, hydrophobia, etc. Nor was it accidental that his discoveries had that character. Still, it was not that which made him the great man he was, but his strength in research, which cracked every nut, however redoubtable, with such surprising promptitude that one really cannot think that it was ever fully tested. When we wish to remind ourselves what scientific logic really is, we may think of Pasteur, his investigations, and his life, and ponder them well on every side, without overlooking the intimate vital link between the intellectual and moral parts of him.

He may be said to have commenced business on a certain day early in 1847, when Auguste Laurent, another chemist of clairvoyant eye—a poet, too—at that time his co-assistant in Balard's laboratory, showed him, under a microscope, some tungstate of soda, and made him remark that it was a mixture of three distinct kinds of crystals. That was enough. Pasteur forthwith set to work crystallizing tartrates and racemates. It is a pity that the biographer has not seen fit to set forth the motives which determined this momentous selection of a subject for such experiments, for it not only would have explained just what Pasteur's feat was, which is often misstated, but would also have afforded an instructive illustration of how science gets gradually built up. Tartaric acid had been one of the numberless discoveries of that muse-visited apothecary Scheele, made apparently in 1769 or 1770. In 1809 Weiss had first set forth the crystallographic systems, but it seems to have been some ten years before his work attracted much attention. In 1811 Arago had

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discovered some of the phenomena of circular polarization, which Biot, beginning in 1813, had explained as a rotation of the plane of polarization. Biot had shown, too, that not merely certain crystals, but also certain solutions and even certain vapors, exhibited this phenomenon. He had found that some slates of quartz cut perpendicular to the axis turn the ray to the right, while other specimens turn it to the left. In 1821 John Herschel had remarked that, of the three kinds of quartz crystals that Haüy had noticed (namely, first, those which can be held vertically so that, of two prismatic faces to the right and left, the former has two small facets impinging upon it below to the left, the latter two similar facets above at the right; second, those which are exactly like the first except that right and left are interchanged; and third, those which are tolerably regular dipyramids), the first invariably rotate the plane of polarization to the left, the second to the right, and the third neither way. This was strong evidence, though far short of proof, that the rotation of the ray was somehow due to some molecular structure of the general nature of a right-handed or left-handed screw; and, what fired scientific imaginations, dynamics was utterly baffled to suggest what sort of force it could be that should regularly produce such an arrangement.

The year (1822) of the publication of Herschel's discovery had been that of another discovery, made two or three years previously, which no single mortal then dreamed had the remotest connection with Herschel's. The manufacture of tartaric acid is a somewhat delicate business, not unlike sugar-refining. Among other places where it was then carried on was the pretty town of Thann in Alsace, which no tourist will have forgotten, if he has been there, on account of its church. A Mr. Kestner was conducting the manufacture there by a regular routine when he one day found, to his surprise, that a certain batch of his acid, made by the regular process, had hardly any tartaric acid in it, but consisted of a new acid, less soluble than the tartaric, though closely similar. He at first mistook this for oxalic acid, but, after having been set right on this point by the Hollander John, he named it after the little town that so well merited fame, *thannic* acid. But when he tried to make more of it he failed, and so did other manufacturers, although some of them found that, when tartaric acid was wanted, this thannic acid was very apt to put in a distinctly uninvited appearance. Before 1826, Gay-Lussac had compared the new acid, which he (we think first) called by its now usual name of *racemic*, with the tartaric, and had found that their chemical behavior was identical, except toward certain bodies with which one or the other seemed to have some underhand relations, where strong contrasts appeared. By 1830 Gay-Lussac and Berzelius had severally proved that the composition of the two acids was one and the same; in Berzelius's phrase, they were *metamers*—the third or fourth instance of this phenomenon to become known. In 1835 Biot contributed the information (destined to prove so important) that tartaric acid and the less complex tartrates rotate the ray to the right.

In 1842, Eilhard Mitscherlich had published the fact that sodium-ammonium racemate is seen under the microscope to crystallize in the same shapes precisely as sodium-ammonium tartrate, although the latter rotates the ray, while the former does not. The following year, his amanuensis, Werther, took for the subject of his dissertation for the doctorate the crystal forms of the tartrates, and this dissertation was frequently used by contemporary French chemists. Although it appears that Mitscherlich had overlooked the unsymmetrical facets of the sodium-ammonium tartrate, which are certainly small, we can hardly believe that they escaped the careful study of Werther. At any rate, the crystals are geometrically just like those of ordinary Rochelle salts, which must have come under the eye of Pasteur himself, so few things escaped it. Thus, in one way or another, it is altogether probable that Pasteur had been for some time already aware of the unsymmetrical forms of the tartrate. Indeed, we find it recorded that in a conversation held in 1844 with his bosom friend Chappuis, Pasteur repeated *verbatim* a paragraph of Mitscherlich's 1843 paper, to the effect that, although the two salts in question formed crystals geometrically indistinguishable, yet the tartrate rotated the ray, while the racemate did not. Now there would hardly be anything in this so impressive as to cause Pasteur to carry the very words in his mind, if the tartrate crystals were symmetrical. If, however, he was aware that they presented a screw-like configuration, there would be a hope of resuscitating the theory of Herschel to which Mitscherlich's observation would otherwise deal the deathblow. It is evident that he must have cherished the wish to examine the racemates—salts not easily obtainable—to see whether they were not destitute of the unsymmetrical facets. This idea, then, had been in his mind since 1844; and, accordingly, when Auguste Laurent showed him that soda tungstate under the microscope, and he saw that it consisted of three kinds of crystals mingled, we can now understand why he at once set to work making crystals of tartrates and racemates. It had evidently struck him as one of the possibilities that the racemates likewise were mixtures.

Upon how many men's backs was Pasteur mounted when he attained to the making of this memorable experiment, which marks the opening of a scientific era to the close of which our great-grandchildren may not be able to look forward! The novelty of the discovery may, for aught one can clearly discern, be attributable to Pasteur's good fortune rather than to his merit. Yet it certainly illustrates his mysterious faculty of rightly guessing at Nature's ways (a privilege upon which he never presumed); and what at any rate was a property of the man alone, and is truly surprising, was his prompt recognition of all the importance of the thing, even to its remoter consequences. We are told that the moment he first got the fact solidly in his grasp, he sprang up quite wild, and ran out, embracing the janitor in the corridor, and, though no man ever more economized minutes, betook himself to the garden of the Luxembourg, where he occupied the rest of that day in setting his disordered ideas to rights. Before long, we find him writing to his beloved Chappuis that this discovery of right-handed and left-handed tartaric acid is destined to lead to the conquest of the most dreadful diseases! What a marvel of clairvoyance! For we now know that, without being aware of it, he had set foot upon the territory of that Unsymmetrical Carbon Atom which sets the pretensions to supremacy of attractions and repulsions at defiance, and carries one of the chemical keys of life.

When Pasteur first exhibited the experiment to Biot, who had been appointed by the Academy of Sciences to report upon the matter—the aged Biot, who, though reared in and sternly attached to the materialistic school of Lavoisier and Lagrange, of Laplace, Carnot, Monge, and Berthollet, had yet never ceased to be Catholic, and in his old age was become even *dévot*—at the critical moment, the old man exclaimed: "Hold a moment, my boy. I have so loved science that this makes me feel faint." Pasteur likewise was Catholic; and if he had not been possessed of that accurate logic which caused him to be as exact as Biot himself in scientific matters, but yet to make room for spiritualistic views of life, it is safe to say that not one of his great discoveries could have fallen to him. Somebody at the Academy of Medicine was one day urging the importance of a certain hypothesis. "Oh," exclaimed Pasteur, "as for hypotheses, we fetch them into our laboratories by the armful." *Mind*, he *did not* absurdly pretend to keep them out, as some do; nor want them only in homœopathic quantities, like many more. No, he would order large supplies of them; he would consume them in armfuls. And what would he do with his armful of hypotheses, when it was fetched? He would begin by sorting them over, with unwearied industry, as he had done his right-handed and left-handed crystals. First, those that could be shown upon consideration to involve something in conflict with known facts were weeded out. Then, by a skilful alternation of excogitation and experimentation, the mass of the others would be successively bisected until all but one were discredited, while that one was made gradually luminous with apparent truth. To a less cautious man it would have seemed demonstrated. But now began the main work of the investigation. This one hypothesis which had been winning favor until it was become prime favorite, had now to be treated as an enemy, and ingenuity had to be racked in trying to find something which the hypothesis would require to be true, but which experiment should refute. This fight was always an obstinate one—it sometimes lasted for years; and it was not until every device that could be thought of for bringing the theory to grief had been tried and had been found to avail only to put its truth into stronger light, that at length Pasteur would bring it before the world. Then his scientific friends always urged upon him the view that here the business of the man of science ended, and that he should now pass to another problem; and Pasteur himself might assent to this, in his head, but his heart always overruled such counsels. He *must* see the thing accepted and acted upon, so that here would begin those struggles with all the agencies of conservatism and of night that brought Pasteur to his comparatively early death.

As an illustration of Pasteur's style of dealing with such controversialists, a little

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episode that concerned Colin may be recounted. Colin wished to impress people with the belief that he knew much more about anthrax than did Pasteur. So, one day when, in a paper before the Academy of Medicine, Pasteur incidentally mentioned that fowls do not take anthrax, Colin jumped up and said that nothing was easier than to give a hen this disease. Thereupon Pasteur said that in two days he should be sending Professor Colin some specimens that he had demanded of him, and, since it was so very easy to give a hen anthrax (which develops almost immediately), he would be very much obliged to him if, in exchange, he would send him a hen dying of anthrax. "You shall have it," said Colin. At the next meeting Pasteur remarked that he had not received that hen, and Colin made some excuse, promising to send it in a few days. But at every meeting, Pasteur recurred to the hen, which was never forthcoming, though always promised. At length, after this had been going on for months, Colin rose and said that he had found that he had fallen into an error, and that it was impossible to inoculate a hen with anthrax. Upon that, Pasteur remarked that his colleague was now going much further than he had ever done, for he had only said that hens *do not take* anthrax; but that it was possible to give it to them, he would demonstrate by experiment. So the following week he brought to the Academy three hens—one dead of anthrax, a second dying of it, a third recovering from it. Colin was silenced for the moment, but at a subsequent meeting he said, with an air of insolence: "I wish we could have seen the bacteridia of that dead hen, which M. Pasteur took away with him without showing us the necropsy and microscopical examination." Thereupon, Pasteur demanded a committee of investigation, of whom Colin should be a member, so that the skeptic was thus obliged to sign his own refutation. The secret of the matter was that Pasteur had ascertained by experiment what temperature was the highest at which the bacillus of anthrax could live; and, since this had been found to be two or three degrees below the temperature of the blood of fowls, they could not under ordinary circumstances contract the fever, and he was confident that Colin, looking at the matter from quite another point of view, would never light upon the proper way of giving chickens anthrax, which was simply to immerse them in a cold bath until the disease was developed.

This book will serve to correct many a misapprehension. It shows us clearly, for example, that Pasteur was not at all, as he has so often been represented, the exponent of a certain philosophy. The extreme simplicity of his heart, the childlike single-mindedness of his gaze at truth, at one with a childlike insight into things, seem to have prevented the intense concentration of his observational and intellectual energies from becoming a source of fallacy to him. His simple peasant's religion probably did aid him to keep clear of metaphysical entanglements which might very probably have prevented his researches into spontaneous generation; but, except in this alexipharmic way, they did not influence his scientific work in the least degree. He considered the logic of science to be one thing, and the logic of life to be another, and quite independent, matter. Another mistaken notion which has been current among those who busy themselves with Borioboolah-Gha, and which was perhaps fostered by Pasteur's severity of countenance, has been that he was a monster of cruelty, whose treatment of animals and children ought to have been restrained by law. The fact we find to have been that his susceptibility and tenderness of heart were quite excessive. Again, those histories of chemistry that are written with the German determination to concatenate events, albeit at the expense of spinning threads from the substance of the writer's being, tell us that "it was his work upon optically active compounds which led him on to the treatment of biological questions." This is certainly a most rational view, and is open to no criticism whatever, except that it happens to run counter to the facts. Those facts are to the effect that, with a single partial exception, every one of his incursions into biology resulted, not from any inward leading, but against the passionate longings of his heart, from external propulsion and the compulsion of that sense of duty to which his too emotional nature was all his life enslaved.

The whole of this noble life is laid open in these pages. It is a relatively small book, and its greatest fault of which the reader will be sensible is that there is not more of it. In such limits it could not be a Boswellian mirror; nor would the life of Pasteur, who was no show-specimen of a man, lend itself to such treatment. But we rise from Boswell's volumes knowing indeed perfectly what Johnson was, or, at least, how he appeared in society and in intimate conversation, but still perplexed to imagine how he came to be the man he was; whereas, here, Pasteur is not only exhibited but explained. The whole evolution of him from his seventeenth-century ancestors, the nurture and formation of mind and heart, are made comprehensible. The father, especially, stands out distinct as an old acquaintance, no character in novel sharper lined—a veritable contribution to our knowledge of men.

The scientific world in which Pasteur lived is veraciously and vividly portrayed, and this is one of the most valuable features of the work. Many portraits are hit off with as much truth as *chic*. One of them is Biot's. Happy would be the reader who was not familiar with the 'Causeries du Lundi,' since he would have one of the joys of life still to taste; but probably the reader does know that second of two articles in the second volume of the 'Nouveaux Lundis' which describe Biot. Of course, Sainte-Beuve, as he himself confesses, could not estimate Biot. The writer was too sophisticated and fine-drawn for his subject. All that he says is true; but what rating is to be placed upon the different features as elements in the make-up of a scientific man is quite another question. The portrait, on the whole, is not agreeable; in this book, on the other hand, Biot appears in the most charming light, and, since the whole man is viewed, in a much truer light. There are points of interest that both avoid. Gay-Lussac, too, Thénard, Balard, J. B. Dumas, E. Mitscherlich, Liebig, Henri Ste.-Claire Deville, Bertrand, Lister, Virchow, Vulpian, all come upon the scene, with many a younger man. We know not where to point to so truthful and useful a picture of the world of science. If you want to understand the typical man of science, you will find the creature here veraciously expounded. Behind the chief figures there is a life-like and animated background, where Napoleon III., the Emperor Friedrich, Dom Pedro, Littré, Sainte-Beuve, Renan, Alexander Dumas *fils* (very charmingly), Henri Regnault, and other painters will be noticed. Verily, the French still maintain their clear supremacy in the art of making a book, especially a characterism.

The translation is in excellent English. Only rarely have we come across a sentence which, we are persuaded, cannot have been quite rightly rendered, or a word not just the usual scientific expression; and on the whole the translator's work has been done with so much care, and has to so high a degree the rare virtue in a translation of making agreeable reading, that we cannot help feeling particularly grateful to her. The index is excellent, notwithstanding a few misprints. The photographic portrait is a likeness. The get-up of the book is extremely beautiful, with black type and uncalendered paper; the volumes are light to hold; the linen covers, simple and in good taste. In short, the book is an unalloyed delight—the clothing to the senses, the contents to the heart and spirit.

THE MOHAWK VALLEY "AS SHE IS ROMANCED."

The Mohawk Valley: Its Legends and its History. By W. Max Reid. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1901.

Cardigan: A Novel. By Robert W. Chambers. Harper & Bros. 1901.

The Backwoodsman: The Autobiography of a Continental on the New York Frontier during the Revolution. By H. A. Stanley. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1901.

The valley of the Mohawk, "the Flanders of America," the theatre of uncounted wars, the floor on which many races were threshed, the pathway of empire, the granary of the Revolution, has not been quite so "sadly neglected by historians and writers of fiction" as Mr. Reid, in his preface, would have us believe. Among local accounts of our Revolutionary struggle it is hard to match Campbell's 'Annals of Tryon County' or Stone's 'Life of Brant.' To the history of the valley in the Seven Years' War is devoted another valuable work, 'The Life of Sir William Johnson,' begun by the elder William L. Stone, and completed by his son and namesake. The pen of Francis Parkman himself has described not only that war, but also the wonderful earlier struggle with France, when for a century and a half the magnificent schemes of the first Power in Europe were foiled, and its armies held in check, as at another Thermopylæ, by the three hundred Mohawks and the few Dutch and English settlers who at length joined with them; and within a year the history of the valley for three centuries has been faithfully recounted in one of the most satisfactory of recent historical writings, Halsey's 'The Old New York Frontier.' Cooper's muse, it is true, walks only on the borders of the valley, avoiding its soil as it were quarantined; but even in those early days we had Hoffman's 'Greyslaer' to match the vigorous description and omit the wearisome dialogue of the choleric

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Otsegan. The best of the Mohawk novels, Harold Frederic's 'In the Valley,' is too recent and too good to be forgotten; and the present market for historical novels—by which is understood novels that mention persons who are also mentioned in histories—has called from the press just ahead of Mr. Reid's more weighty tome two tales of the valley, Mr. Chambers's 'Cardigan' and Mr. Stanley's 'The Backwoodsman.' When Mr. Reid has read these efforts, he will perceive that there are sadder things than neglect.

He who runs, and, still more readily, he who walks on lower Broadway, may read that in 'Cardigan' we behold that phœnix of literature, "the great American novel." Mr. Cardigan, the hero, like all Mohawk Valley heroes, is a youth raised in the shadow of Sir William Johnson, getting into trouble just before the beginning of the Revolution, which is conveniently brought about for his deliverance, and deeply in love with a young lady, also in trouble. Unity of time the author strives for, so that within a year the hero of sixteen reaches, through perils enough for a lifetime, the matrimonial goal. The action takes place in Johnstown, Pittsburgh, Boston, and their suburbs. To verify dates and statements is drudgery; easier it is to say in a preface: "Those who read this romance for the sake of what history it may contain, will find the histories from which I have helped myself more profitable." Thus, we may not inquire too closely into dates, nor ask when Brant was "chief of the Six Nations," nor whether stage-coaches ran through from Philadelphia to Boston. But there were many strange things in those days. Trout and pickerel dwelt happily in the same stream, and "the hoof of countless deer herds made the forest runways hard" instead of making them soft as it does at this day. Cardigan was "a very Mohawk in the woods," and travelled from Johnstown to Pittsburgh in only three weeks; but from Pittsburgh a message is dispatched to Sir William Johnson on Monday, and Cardigan receives an answer on Thursday. No doubt, but for economy's sake, he had telephoned. We pass many such marvels to note that Mr. Chambers's greatest feats are done with the moon. At the full when Cardigan reaches Cresap, the obliging satellite some nine days afterwards sets at two A. M., to rise again some twenty-four hours later. Well might the morai highwayman of the tale exclaim: "She was always a friend to us, the moon." Yea, verily, for, like the compass of Nephi, she did work whither they desired her.

'Cardigan' was evidently written in the expectation that it would be melodramatized, for it contains not only an impossible hero, but a genuine old-fashioned villain. All the people are either very good, like Molly Brant, or very wicked, like Governor Dunmore; but Walter Butler was the wickedest of all. Since the author is not bound by the facts of history, it was a mistake to spare Butler when Cardigan had him at his mercy. Butler's language in February, 1775, fully justified homicide. "'Yes,' he continued thoughtfully, 'I ride this night to Lexington. She's a sweet little thing, a trifle skinny, perhaps; but if she pleases me not to-night, I may change my mind and take her for my mistress.'" Yet Butler's fate was terrible: he was spared but to become the villain of Mr. Stanley's novel, and to say on April 26, 1776, still in pursuit of the *Ewig-Weibliche*, "I want a good squaw. Gimme this girl." Molly Brant also grows careless of her speech between the two novels. To Cardigan in May, 1774, she remarked: "A sin confessed is half-redressed. I had meant to release Felicity some time since; but, Michael, remember in future to ask permission when you desire to play with Felicity." Only two months later the same lady observed to Mr. Stanley's hero: "He bad man! He mean, wicked, wicked wretch! Him coward too. Me see him you beat one time. Sir Willum not no say, me hire Injun beat him." Mr. Stanley also introduces Dutch, Irish, and Quaker dialect. They can be recognized by the labels. For good measure there is lugged in from time to time an irrelevant Tuscarora of many winters and supernatural attributes, hight Tamalaqua, a word which no Tuscarora could pronounce. St. Mark had his lion, St. Tammany his tiger, and St. Tamalaqua is accompanied by a "tiger cat" called by the characteristic Tuscarora name of Midgard. Aside from these strivings and strainings, Mr. Stanley has given us a vigorous, readable tale, promising better things when the author has found himself. The other book, a negligent piece of work from a practised hand, is a more serious disappointment. The author of 'The Conspirators' probably could not write an entirely dull story if he tried, and even 'Cardigan' is readable. It might be much improved by being cut to three hundred pages.

Mr. Reid's more serious and more entertaining work is also a disappointment. The author, by long residence among the scenes described and long study of the events recounted, is well able to write an accurate and valuable history of the Mohawk Valley, but has preferred to make a scrap-book for his own entertainment. Accordingly, he has given us a volume replete with interesting and valuable material, much of it new to the general reader and some for the first time printed, of which half the value is destroyed by triviality, by lack of the sense of proportion, and by gross negligence of statement. So heedless is the author of the requirements of accuracy that it will not be safe to quote, as authority on any subject, 'The Mohawk Valley: Its Legends and its History.' The book can only be used to suggest inquiry, and independent verification of every statement will be necessary. We have space for but a few examples, gathered at random.

Like both our novelists, Mr. Reid makes Brant the great chief of the Six Nations and speaks of "Brant and his Senecas," saying also that Brant's father was, like Brant himself, a Wolf. The Andastes, it seems, lived in the Valley and belonged to "the Algonquin Nation." The Mohawks are "known" to have been at Hochelaga in 1535. Such spellings as "Abenaka," "Anticosta," "Recolect," "Tracey," are, in this book, hardly worth noting. The Anormée Berge theory of the name Norumbega is mentioned with approbation, and the somewhat dubious credit of its origination is given not to the author, Mr. Reid's neighbor, Mr. Weise, but to one who later quoted it (with full credit to Weise) in what Mr. Reid calls Fiske's "very excellent book, 'The Dutch and Quaker Colonies of [*sic*] America.'". Mr. Reid and the two novelists are all aware that the Mohawks could not say Peter, and, like so many evangelists, they confirm the fact by making it Quiddar (Reid), Queedar (Stanley), and, correctly, Quider (Chambers). In the history of the Valley the most important event save Oriskany seems to have been, in Mr. Reid's estimation, the massacre which took place at Glencoe in Scotland in 1690, the relevancy being that in later times there were Scotchmen in the Valley. This author thinks the twentieth century began in 1900, but is not quite sure. The word "Mohawk" he says is not Indian. Examples of Mr. Reid's moderation in statement are to be found in his remarks that there is no financial profit in archæology, that the Utica Fort Schuyler was built "after 1709," and that Visscher's men at Oriskany "retreated rapidly." So they did, very rapidly.

Yet for one who loves the quiet curves of the Mohawk and the old homesteads nestled along its borders, this book, with its gossipy chapters on old times, the wickedness of poor, overworked Walter Butler, and the author's pilgrimages among historic scenes—all illustrated by excellent plates of natural scenery and venerable dwellings—is full of charm. We are sure the author is a pleasant companion in such wanderings, and will only pray that he may some day have leisure to present us with a new edition, with half the paper and all the errors and trivialities omitted.

TWO BOOKS ON THE JESUITS.

The History of the Jesuits in England, 1580-1773. By Ethelred L. Taunton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1901.

A Relation of the Conference between William Laud and Mr. Fisher, the Jesuit. Edited by C. H. Simpkinson, M.A. The Macmillan Co. 1901.

We associate here two recent books which bear more or less directly upon the subject of the Jesuits. The connection between them is one of title rather than of essence, but, despite important differences, they both recall the vigor and prominence of the Society during the early years of the seventeenth century. Father Taunton's work is a general history of the English Jesuits from the reign of Elizabeth to the pontificate of Clement XIV., by whose brief the Jesuits everywhere were suppressed. Laud's 'Conference with Fisher,' on the contrary, has an Anglican flavor—that is to say, it is less important as an exposition of Jesuit doctrine than as the tractate of a High Churchman against the supremacy of the Pope. However, the circumstances under which the meeting took place are not devoid of interest to the student of Jesuit history. The text of the 'Conference' was printed during Laud's lifetime, and has since then been reprinted more than once. Not improbably we have it now in its final form, as Mr. Simpkinson's edition is a very scholarly one.

There is much in Father Taunton's treatment of Jesuit annals to catch the attention. He is a Roman Catholic but not a Jesuit. Indeed, so far as the Jesuits are concerned, he seems the candid friend. True friendship does not always consist in flattery. "We profess to want Truth; and Truth is not served by party spirit." It is Father Taunton's belief that the cause of the Jesuits has been but poorly served by the special pleading of their own writers, by the blindness of More and Plowden,

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of Jouvency and Bartoli to the logic of facts:

"Domestic affection and a certain timidity in judging their superiors are, perhaps, in themselves admirable qualities in the Society; but they are not such in historians. Indeed, one of these writers naïvely remarks that 'a too keen feeling of that natural partiality which attaches individuals to their own Society . . . always compensates by a thousand advantages a transitory diminution of good which it sometimes occasions.' In view of such writers one is reminded of the saying that while few bodies of men have met with such opposition and hatred as the Jesuits, few have suffered more from the adulation of friends."

Father Taunton is a Romanist who sees that the Jesuits were guilty of serious mistakes, as is to be inferred from the outcome of their efforts. His point of departure is recognition of their failure, and, in seeking for the causes thereof, he does not hesitate to accentuate shortcomings when he finds them.

We are inclined to think that Father Taunton would disclaim the charge of being hostile to the Jesuits. In his concluding sentences he describes the prosperity of the English Jesuits at the present day—represented as it is by colleges at Stonyhurst, Beaumont, Chesterfield, St. Beuno's, Liverpool, London, Roehampton, and by numerous churches. "It is given to few bodies of men to have had such a golden opportunity of reforming themselves." Nor, he would seem to imply, has the lesson been in vain. But while we do not see in this book a diatribe against the Jesuits, its judgment of their policy before 1773 is decidedly unfavorable. If examples are needed, the reader may turn to the notice of Robert Parsons, to the account of the Gunpowder Plot, to the narrative of the Society's action during the reign of James II., and to the general observations about *libido dominandi*.

Of necessity Parsons is made the central figure, and in him Father Taunton sees the evil genius of the English Jesuits. He had the commanding spirit; the rest, for generations, were hardly more than his imitators. Or, better, it may be said that the English Jesuits fall into a large majority and a small minority. In the latter class are Campion, Southwell, and Thomas Garnett, who form a group of enthusiasts and sufferers, but whose heroism counts for little. Outshining them in reputation and outrunning them in influence is Parsons, surrounded by many followers and full of projects for bringing England back to Rome. We feel sure that Father Taunton has done well to distinguish between Jesuits purely religious and Jesuits largely political; nor could he avoid giving Parsons prominence above all other leaders. At the same time, he seems inclined to overestimate the importance of the Parsons tradition, and to press too far a theory that the key to Parsons's character is found in his leaning towards Puritanism.

Regarding the other points already referred to, we may observe that Father Taunton accepts the main plea of Mr. S. R. Gardiner against Father John Gerard, namely, that there was a genuine Gunpowder Plot. While he can find no evidence which shows the Jesuits to have been the instigators of it, he implicates them in earlier plots of the same conspirators; and he also points out that recent attempts to secure the beatification of Henry Garnett have been resisted at Rome. Furthermore, in discussing the relations of Father Edward Petre with James II., Father Taunton throws the whole blame for the Catholic catastrophe of 1688 upon the shoulders of the Jesuits. According to his view, they were carried by love of power beyond all reasonable bounds. "The *libido dominandi* eats into a society as well as into persons, and more easily where the individual gives up all personal ambition and makes the society his all in all."

Altogether, Father Taunton's history of the English Jesuits is an unusual performance. Besides being a work of learning, it represents an outlook upon the events of the later Reformation which is by no means common. His sharp criticism of Jesuit policy in the past seems traceable to the spirit of historical candor rather than to any feeling of professional rivalry. He does not touch at all upon the incident of Laud's conference with Fisher, but none the less it deserves to have some place in a history of the English Jesuits. The occasion was Fisher's attempt to bring over the Countess of Buckingham, the mother of King James's favorite. The date was 1622. Fisher, whose true name was Percy, had been educated at Reims and then at Rome. His presence in England, under terms which made it possible for him to hold disputation with an Anglican bishop, is accounted for by the pro-Spanish policy of James I. in those days when the marriage of Prince Charles with the Infanta was under discussion. But the King felt unwilling that Buckingham and his mother should become Romanists, and so brought forward Laud as a champion against Fisher in a formal argument.

The present text of the 'Conference' is really a report of Laud's pleading. It forms a volume in the English Theological Library, a series which started out under the patronage of Dr. Creighton, the late Bishop of London. Concerning this edition we shall say no more than that it has been prepared with great thoroughness by Mr. Simpkinson, Laud's biographer. The notes are extensive, and embody the fruit of deep research in patristic literature. But concerning the treatise itself there are two points which we should like to emphasize. It marks more clearly than anything else Laud's theoretical attitude towards Rome, and it is also a milestone in the Archbishop's own career.

The argument hinged on the issue of personal salvation, leading up to the double question, "Can I be saved in the Roman Church? Can I be saved in the English Church?" Laud stiffly maintained the superiority of Anglicanism and denied the infallibility of the Pope, but when he was asked whether or not the Roman Church was the right Church before Luther's time, he took a position which greatly exasperated the Puritans. Where they were for utter denunciation he was, to say the least, moderate. The Conference enabled him to put on record his sentiments regarding Rome, and in the course of his trial he pointed confidently to the position that he had then adopted. In maintaining the purity of his Anglicanism he urged among his proofs: "The book which I have written against Mr. Fisher the Jesuit must of necessity either acquit me of this calumny or proclaim me a villain to the world."

Ruskin and the English Lakes. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. Glasgow: James McLehose & Sons. 1901.

John Ruskin was a child of five when he first saw the English lakes, and the words in which he described the experience are graven on the Ruskin memorial at Friars' Crag, Keswick. "The first thing that I remember as an event in life was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friars' Crag, Derwentwater." That event was, as he elsewhere says, "the creation of the world" for him. After that, he often visited the lakes and derived thus early those impressions which he was later to use in such essays as "The Poetry of Architecture," where he discusses the question of the effect of houses on the Westmorland mountain scenery. He wrote some poetry, poor verse but sincere, on the impressive beauties of the district; and was no less moved by them than was Wordsworth in his early youth. When he married, in 1848, it was to Keswick that he brought his bride, and it was among the mountains of which he wrote that "they are as a great and noble architecture, first giving shelter, comfort, and rest," that he found consolation for the disappointment of his married life. Then came a gap of twenty years, in which much of his work was written, and in 1867 Keswick saw him again. But it was not till 1871 that he bought from Linton, the engraver, his fellside cottage on the shore of Coniston Lake, "Brantwood," or the "steep wood," where he was to spend the last years of his life.

Ruskin's relations with the peasantry and his sympathy with the life of the dalesmen are described by Canon Rawnsley in a special chapter. His description of the Ruskin drawings in the Coniston Institute is one of the best chapters in this slight sketch, and will be a revelation to many of the enormous amount of work that Ruskin accomplished with his pencil. The drawings are arranged chronologically, and so form a sort of pictorial biography. It was to carry out Ruskin's teaching of the need of "the joy of the eye and hand-skill in the cottage home" that spinning-wheels began to hum once more in the Lake cottages for the manufacture of the now famous "Langdale linen." So, too, arose the "Keswick School of Industrial Arts," where the dalesmen learn wood-carving, and work in copper and brass and iron. The sale of the work brings in annually the sum of £1,700, and it is in great demand in all parts of England. The chief good accomplished is the effect on the home lives of these men, who now have a resource other than the public-house for their dull evenings. Ruskin lamented that they should work in brass, mere "base alloy," but was consoled by reminiscences of the Homeric heroes, and admitted that at any rate the result was good. The renaissance of the spinning-wheel has achieved even more for the happiness of the cottage homes. Wordsworth keenly regretted its disappearance, as may be seen from his sonnet which begins:

"Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend
Now that the cottage spinning-wheel is mute."

Canon Rawnsley tells us that Miss Twelve, who began the work of restoring the spinning industry, put the pieces of an old hand-loom together from the photographs of panels on Giotto's Campanile, the secret of the con-

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struction having faded from the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Thus not only is produced the Langdale linen, with its beautiful tones for art needlework, but even Greek and Sicilian embroidery has been developed in the district from these humble beginnings—the whole inspired by John Ruskin.

In his chapter on Ruskin and Wordsworth, Canon Rawnsley tries to effect a reconciliation between the art critic and the poet. The fact was, that Ruskin could not tolerate in Wordsworth a dogmatism that almost matched his own, and his admiration for him, which never seems to have been enthusiastic, became decidedly cool in later life, as may be seen from his article in the *Nineteenth Century* for 1881. It is futile to try and explain this away as Canon Rawnsley would do. He writes, on his knees, as it were, about both men, and throughout the volume displays that lack of perspective which seems inevitable to those writers who have come into even superficial contact with the lives and surroundings of the "Lakers." There is no need to speak of Wordsworth (or any other man) with bated breath because he had an estimable if not endearing character, and wrote some poetry of peculiar excellence together with a great deal that is less than prose. The spirit in which some of his admirers retail every trivial incident of his uneventful life is not likely to convert the outsider, and would estrange all but the most blinded devotees. We regret to meet again this strained pitch in Canon Rawnsley's sketch of Ruskin. There is too much talk of "the Master," too obvious an apotheosis of a man who was perfectly human. To speak of Ruskin as "God's Knight," and the "last great gladiator," even if one does so under cover of Canon Rawnsley's colorless verse, is to invite derision.

The illustrations, from photographs of Ruskin's study, bedroom, cottage, etc., will appeal to Ruskinites who have not been able to see the originals. The book is no more than an "in memoriam" sketch, and does not profess to be a biography.

Renaissance Types. By William Samuel Lilly. Longmans, Green & Co. 1901.

There is a type of book in which our English brethren have always had a certain preëminence, as to which the best that can be said is, that "no gentleman's library should be without it." The elements that go to make up such a book are: a certain fund of curious learning, a careful reading of a few special works on the subject in hand, a style in which seriousness is judiciously mingled with lightness, and in which quotations from all literature play a not unimportant part.

Such a book is this of Mr. Lilly. He uses the word "Renaissance" in a conventional sense, as denoting a period of time in which the greatest achievements of the modern mind were taking form. He selects from this period certain figures as illustrating several phases of this great movement, and attempts to characterize each in turn as a contributor to the vast result. The plan is an attractive one, and it is easy to imagine it carried out in such a fashion that our understanding of the period and its meaning for all later time should have been greatly widened. Unfortunately, Mr. Lilly has had the fear of the gentleman's library before his eyes. He has spent his energy in detail, without showing us how this detail bears upon his result. He has made a readable book, but we doubt whether any one will be much the wiser for it. The selection of persons is in itself not specially instructive. Michael Angelo, Erasmus, Reuchlin, Luther, and More are unquestionably the great figures of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, but only in this sense can they be called types of the Renaissance. It has been found necessary, in order to make the connection obvious, to characterize them still further: the artist, the man of letters, the savant—though it is a little hard to see wherein the difference between these two precisely lies—the revolutionist, and the saint.

It might have helped if Mr. Lilly had been willing to credit his readers with a general knowledge of the lives of at least four of his heroes, but he has thought it necessary to give rather a detailed biography of each, derived in every case from good modern sources, and in itself not uninteresting, but occupying too much of his space, and tending to interrupt the course of his argument. Indeed, it is almost too much to speak of an argument in this book at all. The reader must work that out for himself, aided, perhaps, by the author's summing up in the last chapter. So far as we can discern it, it is that the Renaissance was a time of vast intellectual stimulus, the starting-point of a multitude of ideas which were long in finding their realization—many of which, in fact, have not yet been realized. That this is a contribution worth the while of the thoughtful or moderately well-informed reader may be doubted.

We cannot refrain from calling attention to a practice (partly, perhaps, the fault of the publisher) of placing, at the top of the right-hand page, headings more worthy of a cheap newspaper than of a serious work of scholarship. It can add nothing whatever to one's understanding of the subject to meet at every turn such headings as these: "Dismay and Disgust," "What Might Have Been," "Good Advice," "A Dark Picture," and so on. Detail headings, to be valuable, should stand in a definite relation to the running heading on the opposite page, and give also some useful idea of the contents of the page beneath. If they are not worth the time necessary to show these connections, they are much better omitted.

Essays Theological and Literary. By Charles Carroll Everett, late Professor of Theology in Harvard University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

These essays have been chosen by Prof. C. H. Toy of the Harvard Divinity School from out an embarrassment of riches left by Professor Everett scattered about in various reviews and magazines. A large proportion of the round dozen appeared in the *New World*, which would have justified itself as a vehicle for Professor Everett's thought if on no other ground. No man was ever less a dogmatist, and his influence upon the young theologians of the Divinity School must have been such as to liberate them from the bondage of all special sects, and secure to them the freedom of the different world-religions; equally that of the wide range of philosophic thought. It is not that he was eclectic, but that he was independent, and pounced upon his own wherever he found it. It is remarkable that, with a mind so metaphysical in its dominant stress, he was perfectly at home in scientific studies, and in these not merely at second hand. The "Instinct and Reason" essay shows that his personal observation was extremely nice, and other essays contribute to this impression. He is the realistic, concrete idealist at every turn. At the same time he is a poet and a humorist, his humor always delicate—a fitful gleam which will bring back to many the voice and manner associated with those happy moments which relieved the strain of his most serious discourse.

Two essays deal with certain aspects of Christianity, "The Historic and the Ideal Christ" and "The Distinctive Mark of Christianity." The contention in the former is that the idealization of Jesus has been a process of abstraction rather than one of accretion; that the historic Christ has been formative of the ideal Christ to a very great extent. Where even the progressive orthodox dogmatize as to the sinlessness of Jesus, professor Everett, always inclining to the relative, pleads for abstention from dogma. "When we take a rule with which to draw a line, we do not ask whether under a microscope it would still show an unbroken edge." In the second of these essays the distinctive mark of Christianity is found to be the absence of any such, through its inclusion of those elements which appear in other great religions in a more isolated if not exaggerated form. "Naturalism and its Results" is remarkable for the frankness with which it discloses Professor Everett's views on matters of first-rate importance, as where, accepting the higher criticism of the Bible, he says that "to the mass of men much of the interest which formerly attached to it [the Bible] will more and more disappear." One of his most humorous illustrations is that where, speaking of heresy trials, he says, "It is as if a snow-bank in the spring should fancy that it could remain in undisturbed peace as soon as it could get rid of the few drops of water that are oozing out of it." The Devil has a chapter to himself, which does not seem too much. His evolution is set forth with great perspicuity. We do not seem to be getting far away from him when we come to Fr. Nietzsche, of whose philosophy there is a careful study. This has an excellent "improvement," as the Puritan preachers called the sting in the tail of a discourse. Professor Everett thinks Nietzsche ought to be a favorite philosopher with us, so many act upon the hard and brutal doctrine on which he unblushingly insists. "If we look at our politics—but I would rather not look at them."

In conclusion, there are four purely literary essays which are not inferior to the others. That upon Emerson's poems has particular felicities even more admirable than the generalizations. The essay upon Goethe's "Faust" is not inferior to the best of the many essays that have been written on this fruitful theme. The praise allotted to the second part of "Faust" is, however, cancelled by the account of it as at once a social and a personal allegory. In the eleventh essay Tennyson and Browning are compared; and in the twelfth ("Browning's Philosophy") the criticism of Henry Jones's treatment of the same subject is the more inter-

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esting because it is the criticism of one Hegelian by another. So many have read Henry Jones's Browning book with interest and approval that Professor Everett's counter-criticism is a valuable contribution to the understanding of the poet.

It remains to say that Professor Everett's book is far less valuable for its particular opinions than for the opportunity which it affords to watch the play of an extremely beautiful and agile mind upon a range of subjects every one of which is suggestive and important. It is seldom that we find a book the reading of which gives so much pure delight as we have received from this.

Plant Life of Alabama: An Account of the Distribution, Modes of Association, and Adaptations of the Flora of Alabama. Together with a Systematic Catalogue of the Plants Growing in the State. By Charles Mohr, Ph.D. [Reprint of Vol. VI., "Contributions from the U. S. National Herbarium," published July 31, 1901, by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. "Alabama Edition," with Portrait and Biography of the Author. October, 1901.]

This interesting work was not issued until a week or two after the death of its lamented author, but it had received his anxious and loving care up to the very last. It embodies the chief results of a long life spent in earnest work divided between vocation and avocation. Dr. Mohr was a striking instance of the advantage to be derived from change of occupation along definite lines of energy. Professionally, he was a chemist, pharmacist, and botanist, but he had an excellent acquaintance with mineralogy, metallurgy, and mining. In short, he was an all-round naturalist, attracted by every phase of nature to its thorough and accurate investigation. When he was somewhat wearied by his too great assiduity in one line of research, he could turn to another line of activity for wholesome refreshment. It was natural, therefore, that he should become most deeply interested in the examination of the environment of plants, in the study of the relations of plants to their surroundings. He knew plants well; he knew their demands and caprices; and he knew also the climate, the soils, and the animals which must enter into every problem. Hand in hand with such studies would naturally go an investigation of the uses of plants to man, but this work, though carried far by him, he did not live to finish. That which he has left us in this volume is a suggestive guide for investigators in many fields, and will be sure to stimulate activity in a safe way. At the present time, when certain departments of botany are breaking with the old traditions, a work like this contribution by Mohr will be of great service in directing research along new lines and with methods which are not likely to mislead.

As every traveller and explorer knows, there are some guides to whom one becomes personally deeply attached. Mohr was one of these. His quiet life did not suggest romance, and yet there was in it a large share of what a less modest man would have viewed as extremely interesting adventure. At the age of twenty-one Mohr made a voyage to Surinam, where disappointment after disappointment met him. Then, as a Forty-niner, he found fresh disappointments in the Sacramento valley. He tried next his fortunes in the fickle Isthmus of Panama, and here, after a brief period of successful collecting and study, he was stripped of all his belongings by theft, and left well-nigh dead from Chagres fever. After various unpleasant experiences in the North, he found himself after a while in Mexico, from which he was ousted by a political revolution. In Mobile he found at last a pleasant home and such quiet as was obtainable in a civil war. His function now was to aid the Confederates by the manufacture of drugs from the native sources, and by testing the medicinal preparations which were smuggled into the country from Europe. His wide knowledge of the resources of Alabama made his services of great value during the war and the dreary period of reconstruction. Through all his discouragements he had a cheerful heart and a happy smile. When things at last settled down into something like quiet in the State, Mohr was able to devote much of his time and thought to the examination of botanical questions of the first order, and the results of these researches met with prompt recognition. His last years were fruitful and were crowded with happiness in his studies, so that, when the end came suddenly, he was able to say, in the midst of his intense suffering, "How beautiful is the world."

Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben. Von Ferdinand von Strantz. Hamburg: Aktien-Gesellschaft. 1901. Pp. 272.

This volume of reminiscences is a highly entertaining and very valuable contribution to the history of the dramatic and operatic stage in Germany during the last century. The author, now more than eighty years of age, records in the introductory chapter of his autobiography some interesting recollections of his father, who, as Prussian major and aide-de-camp of Blücher, took an active part in the decisive campaign of 1814. Many comical and characteristic incidents are narrated of this energetic and impetuous warrior, popularly known as "Marschall Vorwärts," who, although endowed with noble feeling and a lively sense of humor, was extremely gruff in his manners, and so utterly destitute of literary culture that he could not write his mother tongue correctly. After the battle of Waterloo, Blücher visited England, where his presence excited immense enthusiasm, especially among the women, who wished to welcome him as the American ladies did Hobson on his return from Cuba, surrounding his carriage to kiss his hand as he drove through the streets of London. But the blunt old soldier was not sufficiently sentimental to enjoy this sort of "lip-service," and ordered his adjutant to put his hand out of the carriage window and receive the osculations intended for himself. He could not even walk out without having bits of his uniform cut off as souvenirs. The same thing happened repeatedly to both his adjutants, who went to him and claimed compensation for losses incurred in his service; but their complaint was laughed at as a cunning device for getting new uniforms.

Ferdinand von Strantz began to prepare himself for a diplomatic career, but, before completing the prescribed course of study, yielded to the force of family tradition and entered the army. With the development of his mental faculties and artistic tastes, the life of an officer, with its monotonous military routine, ceased to satisfy him, and he resolved to become an actor and singer. For this purpose he went in 1845 to Paris, where he took lessons of Manuel Garcia, who was then also giving instruction to Christine Nilsson and Jenny Lind. He speaks in the highest terms of Garcia's skill in training the voice, and adds that the illustrious master is still pursuing the same vocation in London at the advanced age of ninety-seven. During his three years' sojourn on the Seine, Strantz became intimately acquainted with many musical and literary celebrities, of whom Auber, Chopin, Flotow, Offenbach, and Dumas *père* are now the most noted. As early as 1842 he enjoyed the friendship of Liszt, who was then giving concerts in Breslau, and always had two pianos on the platform, as his vigorous touch was quite certain to break the strings of one of them before the programme was finished. To-day the introduction of the stronger instruments constructed by Bechstein, Blüthner, Steinway, and others has rendered this precaution unnecessary.

Strantz was connected with the stage for nearly forty years, at first as singer and actor, then as *régisseur* and manager in Bremen, Dresden, Hamburg, Königsberg, Leipzig, and other German cities, and finally as director of the Royal Opera in Berlin from 1876 to 1887, when he retired to private life. During this period he came into contact with the most distinguished representatives of the dramatic and operatic art, as well as the most illustrious playwrights and musical composers of his time. In his relations with these persons, many of whom were extremely sensitive and somewhat eccentric, he showed practical common sense, keen observation, and thorough knowledge of human nature. Even events of minor importance in his intercourse with them are made to serve as striking illustrations of traits of character. Verdi, we are told, was so discouraged by the failure of his first opera that he resolved never to write another; but the impresario Merelli, who recognized his talent, urged him to continue, and one day thrust a new libretto into his hand through the crack of the door, which Verdi was rudely shutting in the persistent impresario's face. Finally, however, he read the text thus forced upon him, was greatly pleased with it, and soon afterwards brought out his opera "Nabucco," which established his reputation as a musical composer. The book is full of anecdotes of this kind, which not only are amusing, but also have a biographical and historical value. We may add that Strantz's statements in minor details are not always strictly accurate. Thus, Verdi's first opera, "Oberto, Conte di S. Bonifacio," given at the Scala in 1839, was a marked success; it was his second opera, "Un Giorno di Regno," written under extremely depressing circumstances, that was an utter failure and the cause of his despondency. But these slight errors do not affect the general truth of the narration, nor seriously detract from its essential worth.

Text-Book of Zoölogy. Treated from a Biological Standpoint. By Dr. Otto Schmeil. Translated from the German by

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Rudolf Rosenstock, M.A. Edited by J. T. Cunningham, M.A. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan Co. 1901. Small 4to, pp. xvi, 493, with numerous illustrations.

There are few, if any, zoölogical text-books or introductions to zoölogy that are more satisfactory in plan and in execution than the present. Comprehensive as it is, it does not attempt to deal with the entire animal kingdom, but rather with the better known portions of it. By means of a type of each, it is sought to teach the habits and structures of the various groups, the information given being such as should be possessed by all grades of students. Because of judicious selection and arrangement, and of the interest of the text, the volume is well adapted for teachers' use. The classification approximates one on which most authorities might agree, and is carried far enough for the purposes of the work. The illustrations are very good; they give the animal, a note in the legend indicating the actual size, with details of anatomy and affinities. Bold-faced catchwords and thought-stimulating and directing questions and remarks in very few words, are efficient aids for reader or instructor. These, with the author's efforts to keep adaptation to surroundings and relations to other life constantly in mind, make his text more entertaining and lively, and his facts more easy to remember, than is usual in such books. The work was constructed for Germany; it is nearly as well suited for surrounding countries in which the fauna is almost the same. English students, having about them the same or closely allied species, may welcome it as if written by one of themselves. Americans, however, are likely to be confused by references to badgers, rabbits, buzzards, snakes, toads, etc., which, though familiar enough in Europe, are not the creatures to which the same common names are applied in America. Other faults are to be seen in the distribution—the wolf, the bear, the hare, and others being treated as if found only in Europe and Asia; or in an occasional but rare inaccuracy, as in the case of the Galapagos tortoises. Dr. Schmeil's book is one of unusual merit; its defects are neither many nor great.

India Old and New. With a Memorial Address. By E. Washburn Hopkins. (Yale Bicentennial Publications.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. viii, 342.

Professor Hopkins here provides an excellent companion-piece to his 'Great Epic of India,' recently published in the Yale Bicentennial Series. In the present volume, however, we have a work of a more general and much less technical character, full of interesting information and much good sense on questions relating to the past and present of this great country under British rule. It contains the views of a scholar who knows the ancient literature of India, and is familiar with its present conditions from a personal acquaintance with the land.

The literary side is represented by three essays on the Rig Veda and the early lyric and epic poetry of India; but the chapter which will at once attract attention is that on "Christ in India." This deals with the much mooted question as to the possibility of direct or indirect connection between Buddhism and Christianity historically. The writer presents the so-called "cogent parallels" between the two religions and weighs them carefully. In one of his arguments he adduces the accounts of Zoroaster's miraculous birth to show that likenesses are not confined to Buddhism. He might also have added, as another parallel from Iran, the description of Zoroaster's temptation, which would have strengthened his point still more. He then proceeds in critical manner to show that most of the Buddhist resemblances can actually be proved to be later than Christianity, and he concludes:

"We may, I think, as open-minded historical students, safely assert that the Christian religion, according to all the evidence, was not plagiarized but original. At the same time we must admit that there is historical possibility in the view that the Christian narrative may have been affected by Buddhistic tales, but we must just as decidedly maintain that no cogent proof of this view has yet been furnished."

The much exploited resemblances between Krishnaism and Christianity are similarly discussed. Strong enough evidence is brought forward to show that, instead of being influenced, Christianity must itself have exercised an influence at least upon the later developments of this great religious rival of Buddhism in India. On the whole question of presumed Indian influences on Christianity, the author concludes that the historical data furnish "no base for the belief that the original narrative of Christ's birth and teaching derives from Hindu sources."

Space is found for reproducing two economic papers, on Hindu guilds and land-tenure in India, which were previously published elsewhere, and there is an extensive discussion of "the cause and cure of famine." Drought and famine have been known in India from the earliest times, as the writer conclusively shows from the early literature; but in pointing out the familiar advantages of irrigation, he points out also that certain economic rules and methods of taxation, differing from the ordinary, were applied in famine years in ancient times. England to-day, as ruler, has perhaps something to learn from the Occident of the past, and a strong plea is made for "remitting the tax when there is a drought, leaving the peasant enough to live on, and seeing that his livelihood is not taken from him even by law."

The chapter which sketches the first year of plague in Bombay recalls many personal experiences that will be recognized by any one who has recently travelled in the East; and the closing essay, "New India," will be read with interest by the ruler and the ruled in this early Aryan land. It seems fitting that the introductory chapter of the volume should be a memorial address on the late Professor Salisbury of Yale, the teacher of Whitney, the founder of the American Oriental Society, and the Nestor of Sanskrit scholars in America.

Actes du Premier Congrès International d'Histoire des Religions, Paris, 1900. Première partie: Séances générales. Paris: Ernest Leroux. 1901.

If a little lightmindedness be ever permissible in drawing attention to the proceedings of so grave a body as a congress of the history of religions, it must surely be on finding enrolled among its members Mlle. Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy. So it stands on page xiii. of this volume. The "Mlle." we can pass as due to French ignorance of our recent religious history, but how the lady in question could embark or assist in this *galère*—that is a question out of soundings for most of us. There are some things that a prophet—and, it may be presumed, a prophetess also—must not permit himself, and one is the luxury of uncertainty. He either has the truth or he hasn't; and if he has, what need of further words?

But, to return from such speculations as to the workings in illumined minds, the present volume is of much more than facetious interest. It is the first fruit of the movement, on the part of the professors of religious sciences at the École Pratique des Hautes-Études, entered upon in connection with the Exposition of 1900, and directed towards a periodical international congress for the history of religions. It may also be said to be, in a sense, an indirect result of the Chicago Parliament of Religions. Only a few years ago the time would not have been ripe for such an enterprise, but now the study of comparative religion has gone so far that a purely historic treatment is possible, and religious discussions between opposing confessions need no longer lead to unscientific brawling. Thirty years ago it would have been vain to seek a university chair devoted to this subject. To-day, under an influence which proceeded largely from Holland and Switzerland, these are to be found in almost every country. To this, it is true, there are the striking exceptions of Germany and England; but if the universities of these countries have not formally countenanced the new science, it has been in them fostered and advanced by private enterprise and individual labors. Finally, if any one institution may be singled out as having conspicuously contributed to this revolution, it is the Musée Guimet, founded by M. Émile Guimet in 1879, and transferred to Paris in 1888, and the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions,* which is under its charge.

As is natural in the case of the first congress of the students of a still youthful science, the papers here are to a great extent of an introductory and descriptive nature. After the happy opening address by M. Albert Réville, there comes one, weighty and luminous, by Count A. de Gubernatis, on the future of the history of religions. Later follows a very clear statement of the actual situation with regard to instruction in the history of religions, by M. Jean Réville; later, again, a detailed paper on the statistics of religion at the end of the nineteenth century, by M. Fournier de Flaix, a revision of one published in 1890 in the Bulletin of the International Congress of Statistics. It is followed by an historical sketch of the Chicago Congress of Religions by Dr. C. C. Bonney. Along with these general papers come more special contributions, some of high importance. M. Émile Sénart discusses the relation of the Yoga philosophy to Buddhism with a learning that will be somewhat distracting to all but the Indianist. Prof. I. Goldziher illuminates with his peculiar simplicity and thoroughness the relation of Islam to Zoroastrianism. M. A. Sabatier treats of the relation of Biblical criticism, and M. L. Marillier of folk-lore to religious science; Count Goblet d'Alviella of the mutual relationships of religion and morals. Thus, the conception

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of dependence and relativity holds a high place in almost all the papers, as is very natural in a congress of comparative religions.

From the *procès-verbaux* it is evident that among the papers read at the special sessions were several of very high interest. The second volume may therefore be expected to be at least equal in value to the present, and that is saying much. Perhaps it may even solve the problem of Mrs. Eddy's membership. But that we can hardly hope for.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Arber, Edward. The Cowper Anthology. (Selections from the English Poets.) Henry Frowde.
Arnold, E. L. Lepidus the Centurion. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Bailey, L. H. Cyclopedia of American Horticulture. Fourth and last volume. Macmillan.
Bartlett, A. Le R. A Golden Way. Abbey Press. $1.50.
Bixby, J. T. The New World and the New Thought. Thomas Whittaker. $1.
Burrow, C. K. Patricia of the Hills. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.
Carson, W. H. Hester Blair. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co. $1.50.
Chase, W. E. Poems. Madison (Wis.): Published by the Author.
Chatfield-Taylor, H. C. The Crimson Wing. Herbert S. Stone & Co.
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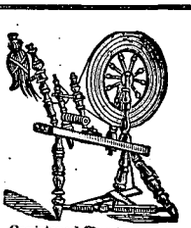

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